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The City of the Anti-Christ

BABYLON IN CHALDEA

RICHARD HAYES McCARTNEY

Author of "The Imperial", "Reign of the Prince of Peace", "The Anti-Christ", "An Unclean Spirit", "Songs in the Waiting", "The Whip of God", "Gallipoli", etc.

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE PUBLISHER

TO

MARY SPURGIN,

THE MOTHER OF MY WIFE

O Lover of wee Buds and Blossoms gay,
Oft grieved to see the Shadow of Decay
Creeping across the Glories in thine hand—
Lo, Thou, with Faith's expectancy can stand
Waiting, and watching for the Coming King—
When Earth's waste places shall their blossoms fling
An avalanche of Glories to thy sight—
Then, Thou, can'st revel in a great delight
Seeing Perfection on each bud, and bloom—
New wondrous buds of exquisite perfume.

. . . . . .

So fell on sleep—Lo, there had opened eyes
To that ONE Splendor of fair Paradise,
Had touched The Hand where yet the nail-prints be—
Looked in HIS Face Thou didst so wish to see;
Now happy beyond words that thought can say—
Now patient waiting for that Blessed Day
When with New Body clothed Thou shalt see
The Renewed Earth like rapturous Melody.

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Editorial from The Chicago Journal, February 13, 1918.

COTTON FROM MESOPOTAMIA

The British army in Mesopotamia is supplying itself with nearly everything but clothing and munitions by the simple process of irrigating the land which the Turks have left desert for centuries. British engineers and native workmen have put a barrage—not of shells, but of earth and willow mats—across the Tigris, raised the water level, cleared out the ancient canals or dug new ones, and turned the vitalizing current on the desolate, thirsty acres. As a result, the natives are enjoying greater prosperity than at any time for the last 400 years, and the British army at Bagdad is provided with cereals, vegetables and largely with meat without drawing on a single precious ton of the world's too scanty shipping.

It is a magnificent achievement, and one likely to have important and far-reaching consequences. To hand back this newly created garden for the Turks to turn into a desert again is manifestly impossible. Mesopotamia must remain under British or interallied control, that its peoples may be protected and its resources developed. But this means that our southern states had better have a care, or they will lose their present monopoly of the world's chief clothing material.

Lower Mesopotamia is one of the finest cotton growing regions in the world. It is particularly well-fitted for growing the long staple Egyptian cotton, which brings a much higher price than the ordinary American variety. Egypt has been developed till it produces from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 bales of this fibre per year, but Mesopotamia is several times as large as Egypt, and fully as fertile. Lack of capital, lack of labor, lack of transportation all will conspire to make the cotton development of the country slow, but with stable and honest government, all these difficulties will be overcome at last, and the south will have a competitor who can really compete.

A FOREWORD.

"Ho! to the Land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia, that sendeth ambassadors by the sea even in vessels which drink up water, saying, Go, ye swift messengers, to a Nation dragged away and peeled, to a people terrible from their beginning onward, a nation meteth and trodden down whose land the rivers have despoiled. All ye inhabitants of the World, and ye dwellers on the Earth, when an ensign is lifted up on the mountains, see ye; and when the Trumpet is blown, hear ye."

Are the words of the Prophet Isaiah about to be fulfilled?

O England, England is it thine
To lay foundation for design.
Jehovah hath for Israel's Race—
To bring back part to Ancient place!

Near twenty years have passed since this volume under the title of "The Lady of Nations," was written and printed. In that short span of years how has the world moved—and how has the world been in reality "turned upside down." Events have crowded on Events; horrors on horribleness; blood shed as if no better than ditch-water; men driven like dumb cattle to slaughter; ruins piled on ruins until it is almost too common to bother about; towns and cathedrals shot to pieces; women raped; children butchered; all rights of humanity trampled underfoot; women too horror-stricken to weep over their dead; children bereft of fathers, mothers —of kith and kin; debts piled upon debts for war munitions —until the only hope seems, Repudiation!

And men who had already forsaken God—now cry out:

"God hath forsaken this world!" We see the deluded Pacifists who cried out four years ago, "Peace, we shall not have war any more!" We see these Despisers of Jehovah's Book —with their lying, foolish tongues—stand confused—their fool dreams, blatant, are confounded—we see Morley, the High Priest of The Cult who could do without God—retire in a melancholy protest against war that shattered the shallow frothiness of a man whom, alas, England delighted to honor.

Thy Gods are stricken—and have died!
Lo, all thy Oracles have lied!
And thou most surely was bereft
Without one hope of comfort left.

O thou proud Soul! now as alone,
With all thine Idols overthrown,
Thy Gods, who were to thee delight,
Evanish in a hideous night.

Poor Soul—that standest now apart
A lonesomeness within thine heart,
Not one of all thy Loves to be
A solace in thy misery.

For thou, with such a sublime rage,
Blotted The Christ from every page,
And printed God with little "g"
To show thine animosity.

In the night of warrings we again hear the False Prophets cry aloud: "Peace Comes! A Universal Peace by Force! — (a pretty Peace indeed when made by Force). We have Deniers of Christ's Divinity—like Taft; Starr Jordan; the blatant and false prophet, Bryan; and a host of lesser fel-

lows, crying out in this Country their vaporings—men who will not read The Utterance of the Eternal—will pay no heed to the Determined Council of Jehovah. We have a host of so-called Ministers of God filling the many pulpits of this broad land, every one more "stout than his fellows" to deny Divine Inspiration of the Word; Rob Christ of His Deity; sneer at his miraculous birth; trample under foot His Blood of Atonement; deny His Bodily Resurrection. Babble of The Fatherhood of God of all human creatures. Civic Righteousness and all such catch words, ideas that are right if the Christ accepted as the only hope of salvation —but ideas woefully out of harmony if the fundamentals of Christ denied—learn first of Christ and then Civic Righteousness will be in hearts of all men without the eternal harping on it.

Yet out of all the darkness, out of the cries of distress and anguish of the world—behold, the dawnings of a better day—the near approaching of the Feet of Him who shall bring in The Golden Peace to all the Nations of the Earth.

Lo, the newspapers of to-day have strange headings, and old Biblical names flashed over the wires, places are again heard of that had slumbered now near two thousand years. Gath, Askelon, Sinai, Hebron, Beersheba—and now the glad news flashed over the wires—

"Jerusalem Occupied by the British!"

Thank God! that the misrule of the Turk is over.

"Ariel—The Lion of God!" "Salem! the City of David!" "The City of The Great King!" whose future name is to be, "Jehovah-Shammah! (Jehovah is There!")

This news whispereth that Jehovah is stretching out His hand to bless The Land He loveth. "A Land which The Lord thy God careth for. The eyes of The Lord Thy God are always upon it from the Beginning of the year even to the end of the year." Is it not strange that the Land de-

scribed by Josephus—as a well watered garden with abundant crops—filled with people—should have so suddenly changed to sterility—never yielding to the Foemen the fruitfulness of former years. To be sure, all lands cursed under Turkish rule; but the land has not "yielded its increase" since The Jews were driven out; so barren a land, and almost desolate had it become, that Voltaire and other infidels, laughing, said, "This Jehovah had small conceptions giving such a small present to His People, Israel!" And some blatantly denied that it ever was a Land flowing "with milk and honey, and full of water springs."

As usual, the Fools did not read Jehovah's unconditional promise to Israel—The Grant of Land, never yet possessed in its entirety by the Jews, and never received, stretching from the River of Egypt to the River Euphrates, thereby taking in a stretch of Mesopotamia, the richest soil in the world, and running South with boundaries that take in all of Arabia—for the additional promise given E'en ever the People entered Canaan, "I have given thee for a possession wherever thy foot has trodden." This a vast Empire. And Voltaire and others forgot to read, that if Israel forsook Him, He would shake them out of The Land—and withdraw its fruitfulness while they were scattered among the Nations.

It is strange that within the last twenty-five years a remarkable change of climatic condition has again brought on His Land "the early and the latter rains." Surely, Jehovah will soon have pity on His Land, He is moving on the troubled waters of the world, and we can almost hear the whisper: "O My People, I come quickly."

And again He whispers to His Church to search The Prophecies in the Old Testament in regard to that City and that Land—and also to the Land that He has set His Face against to finally Destroy with an everlasting Destruction. He has not either Forgotten, nor Forgiven her ancient

Sin! Her Sin that for Four Millenniums has been a blight, a curse over all the world. He is preparing the way for The Assyrian, who again in Babylon will set up the standard of Defiance against Jehovah and His Son—both The Assyrian, and His City, with all its abominations of Commercial and Religious Depravities, shall be smitten with destruction overwhelming and Eternal.

Then surely a study of the prophecies in the Old Testament in regard to that Person, and that City, is well worthy the most careful attention of all Believers in Jesus Christ.

Out of this present war will come the Revival of the Mesopotamian country and also the bringing back of a portion of Israel to add their contribution to the wickedness of the closing Days of Gentile Power.

Under the benign shadow of England these lands would quickly be renovated and made a "garden of God" once more.

England, this little island who has paled the glory of all Nations, where colonization is contrasted. She stands the greatest of all in blessing the places where she floats her little bit of red. Compared to her as a colonizing Power—Rome failed—Portugal—Spain—Netherland—aye, Germany failed!

Think you it is by accident, a freak of fortunate circumstances has made England Mistress of the Seven Seas, has planted her flag "around the world," so that the sun never sets on her or on her Children's Dominion. Nay, it has been that in spite of all her sins and follies (and surely many like the opium war on China) she has proven, if at first a rough Father—ever after that, a mother of compassion, a minister of justice to the noble and the pauper, to bound and free alike—and why, because in her oft stupid, blundering, inconsistent manner she has ever carried the Pages of Jehovah's Message to Humanity.

And now her armies have half conquered Mesopotamia and

Palestine, be her methods but grasping, greed, or in commercial defense of her Jewel, India—whatever be her ultra desires—and tho we know it is not to redeem these lands from a Biblical point of view—we feel assured that Jehovah is making Her His Instrument in carrying out His will, and His long ago determined purpose towards these Lands—the Center of the World.

England has spoken—Palestine for the Jew!

England has coveted Mesopotamia as the land wherewith to hold the key which will lock out other nations from robbing her of her Jewel—India. But while we heartily rejoice at the defeat of the Turk—and the Salvation as it were of Jerusalem—we must sorrowfully remember that this is not the final deliverance of The City and the land from the hands of the Enemy.

This British occupation, if successful, will make England the nominal ruler of more Followers of Mohammed than any one ruler in the entire world. The two most sacred places to Mohammedans, Mecca and Medina, are now under the protection of England—next to them come Bagdad and Jerusalem—with 50,000,000 under British, in allied or tributary States, England must not offend them by encroaching on their religious liberty. The English have ever been past Masters in Latitudinarianism in dealing with non-Christian Races. She is not the Mother, but she is the Patronizer of many Heathen Religions—from a worldly point of view that may be even hand of justice—but in the paying of salaries to non-Christian Priests she surely has been Committing a National Sin.

Hence, if the Jews return in part, and they will only in part at first, there will be restrictions from demands of the Polyglot Religions who shall insist on still retaining the so-called but fraudulent Holy Spots—that will be very galling to the Jews. And this, no doubt, may exasperate the Orthodox—while the Reformed Jews, with a Gallio indif-

ference, with smile, will be a "big Brother" among religious ones whom they will in heart sneer at and despise. But the coming return of part of the Jews will not be the same as the Final Return as recorded in The Word of the Holy Spirit by the mouth of Jewish Prophets.

In our happiness to see the Freedom of The Land and People we must not close our eyes to the fact that there is yet to come, "The time of Jacob's trouble." They will return, some, "that say in pride and in stoutness of heart, The bricks are fallen, but we will build with hewn stone; the sycamores art cut down, but we will put cedars in their place," . . . "their land is full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures; their land also is full of horses; neither is there any end of their chariots."

A Jewish Temple will be built—and surely a splendor equal to that of Herod's, the daily sacrifice will be inaugurated. The Land will be filled with Cities, with all modern improvements, an era of Prosperity as never such shall be inaugurated—but yet—slowly, but surely, shall come The Sinister Shadow over them of that Terrible Being of numerous names, such as The Anti-Christ, The Beast of Empire, the King of Assyria and Babylon—and under his rule —and of those dark days it is prophesied: "Ask ye now and see whether a man doth travail with child? Wherefore, do I see every man with his hands on his loins, as a woman in travail, and all faces are turned into paleness? Alas, for that day is great, so that none is like it: It is even the time of Jacob's trouble."

And now let us read as to how The Lord regards this returned people: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God: Because ye are all become dross, behold, therefore, I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem.

"As they gather silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, will I gather you in mine anger and in my fury, and I will leave you there, and melt you.

"Yea, I will gather you, and blow upon you in the fire of my wrath, and ye shall be melted in the midst thereof.

"As Silver is melted in the midst of the furnace, so shall ye be melted in the midst thereof; and ye shall know that I the Lord have poured out my fury upon you.

"And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith The Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein.

"And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, it is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

The time of Jacob's trouble, but Jehovah Christ Himself shall be the Deliverer—*and the only Deliverer,* "Behold, a day of Jehovah . . . . For I will gather all Nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the City shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the City shall go unto Captivity; and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the City. Then shall Jehovah go forth and fight against those Nations. And His Feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives which is before Jerusalem on the East, and the Mount of Olives shall be cleft in twain in the midst thereof towards the East and towards the West, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove towards the North and half of it towards the South."

(The Words of the two angels may be remembered in this connection, on Mount Olivet, the last spot on Earth where the feet of our Lord stood before he ascended to heaven.) To the Disciples were the words: "This same Jesus who was received up from you unto heaven shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going unto Heaven"—so Olivet the last place to hold His blessed feet—and Olivet the first place where His Returning feet shall stand, when He comes to save His People Israel from all their Enemies.

"But the multitude of thy foes shall be like small dust, and the multitude of the terrible ones as chaff that passeth away: yea, it shall be an instant suddenly. She shall be visited of Jehovah of hosts with thunder, and with earthquake, and great noise, with whirlwind and tempest, and the flame of a devouring fire. And the multitude of all the nations that fight against Ariel, even all that fight against her and her stronghold, and that distress her, shall be as a dream of the night."

"I will place Salvation in Zion for Israel My Glory."

And then The Final Return of all the Jews, from every quarter of the globe and islands of the sea.

"And the Ransomed of The Lord Shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away . . . . . Thy People also shall be all Righteous: they shall inherit The Land Forever, the branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that I may be glorified. All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are The Seed that Jehovah hath Blessed."

"I, Jehovah, will hasten it in His time."

Probably one-fourth of the land surface of this, our Earth, is not inhabited for the want of water—but a large area of the richest land in the world produces a very limited crop, and has few inhabitants—simply because it is ofttimes cursed by too much Water. Mesopotamia, rather a narrow strip of land, in length near a thousand miles, has two of the most noble rivers in the world (and owing to the cursed rule of the Turk) as they roll on from the Mountains of Armenia to the Persian Gulf flood the country because of the ruin of canals—overflowing their banks, making marshes of land that if cultivated could feed, and give dwelling places, to many, many millions—millions who now have not always enough to eat—and dwell in places they call home, which are no better than cattlesheds.

Somewhere in this once garden spot of the world is, no doubt, the former site where Adam and Eve first beheld the grandeur and beauty of a Recreated Earth. Here after the Flood the Standard of Rebellion was raised against Jehovah. Here under Satanic deception, arousing of curiosity—a world was ruined—and here under the tutelage of Satan was given to humanity a system of worship, which has, in various forms, prevailed over the greater number of nations and humanity to this very day. When Jehovah confounded the one language of humanity—and scattered them abroad over the face of the Earth—the peoples in their meanderings carried with them — Idolatry! And we are told, "the Gentiles worshipped Devils," for behind this Idol worship is Demon worship, of many and various kinds. Here has always been the desire of Satan—this the scene of his second triumph over Jehovah. When the Jews as a nation were almost a mass of Idolators and Jehovah set them aside from being His Earthly Representatives there was set up the First Empire which gained world-wide dominion. For it is written in "The Scriptures of Truth" of Nebuchadnezzar: "Thou, O King, art the King of Kings, unto whom The God of Heaven hath given the kingdom, the power, the strength and the glory; and wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the birds of heavens hath He given unto thy hand and hath made thee to rule over them all." And so commenced the days of the Gentiles.

We read in Daniel, fourth chapter, Nebuchadnezzar made a proclamation, "unto all the peoples, nations and languages, that dwell in all the earth." Now we are fully convinced that when The Hyper-Critics, who with aid of Satanic power, are at present destroying the Belief of all the Protestant Churches in The Book—that when their work is finished, and each fool scholar pats the other fool scholar on the back, with, "Our work well done—and more especially have we destroyed all faith in that so-called Book of Daniel!" At

that day shall come to light That Proclamation, probably now unread amid the tablets brought from the East, from the Royal Library of Babylon—for not the shadow of a doubt that tablet is yet, either in Babylon, or in the safe-keeping of some University, either in United States, or in Europe. Providence has not been over kind in confounding these Hyper-Critics who when they loudly bray, "This passage wildly amiss, no such has been, is not, nor ever will be," Lo, a turn of a spade in some deserted place in the East—and a confirmation of The Scripture—but instead of acknowledging their brazen lie, they pass over the evidence to a discreet silence. Of this land—Babylonia of Nebuchadnezzar—some 2,360 years ago—Herodotus writes:

"The City of Babylon is an exact square, one hundred and twenty furlongs (about fourteen miles) in length each way, so that the entire circuit is four hundred and eighty furlongs, or an area of nearly 200 square miles. While such is its size in magnificence that no other city approaches it. A wall fifty cubits in width and two hundred high. In the circuit of the walls are a hundred gates, all of brass, with brazen lintels and side posts. The City is divided by the Euphrates a broad, deep swift stream. The houses are mostly three and four stories high; the streets all run in straight lines, not only those parallel to the river, but also cross streets that run down to the River. The sacred precinct of Jupiter Belus, a square enclosure two furlongs each way, with gates of solid brass. In the middle a tower of solid masonry a furlong in length and breadth, upon which was raised a second tower, and on that a third, and so on up to eight. On the topmost tower there is a spacious temple, inside the temple stands a couch of unusual size, richly adorned, with a golden table by the side. There is no statue set up in the place. The chamber occupied of nights by a single native woman, who the priests of this God affirm is chosen for himself by the Deity. They also declare the

God comes down in person unto this Chamber. Below, in same precinct a second temple in which a figure of Jupiter, all of gold. The throne and table before it of gold; in all, the gold weighed eight hundred talents. Semiramis the Queen raised certain embankments, in the plain near Babylon, to control the river, which till then, used to overflow, and flood the whole country round about. The whole Babylonia is, like Egypt, intersected by Canals. Of all the countries there is none which is so fruitful in grain. It makes no pretensions indeed of growing the fig, the olive, the vine, but in grain it is so fruitful as to yield commonly two hundred fold, and when the production is the greatest three hundred fold. The blade of the wheat plant, and barley plant, is often four fingers in breadth—I am not ignorant that what I have already written concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible. Palm trees grow in great numbers over the whole flat country mostly of the kind which bears fruit—and this fruit supplies them with bread, wine and honey.

"The Babylonians have lately hit upon a different plan to save their maidens from violence, which is to bring up their daughters to be courtesans. The Babylonians have one most shameful custom. Every woman born in the Country must go once in her life and sit down in the precinct of Venus and there consort with a stranger; when she has so gone with him she satisfies the Goddess."

The last paragraph surely shows how truthfully the woman in Revelation 18 Chapter, is truthfully called, "Babylon the Great, The Mother of Harlots!" It is doubtful before Nimrod's time if ever any nation made Prostitution an adjunct for gain in the sacred chambers of their Temples. This Babylon did openly—her temples houses of religious prostitution. We now have however this practiced in some temples of the East, so that to this day the cult of Babylon still held sacred by millions of people.

Pliny says, "that the wheat is cut twice, and is afterwards good keep for beast."

The English Colonel Chesney remarks: "Although greatly changed by the neglect of man those portions of Mesopotamia which are still cultivated as the country about Hillah show, that the region has all the fertility ascribed to it by Herodotus. The time may not be distant when the date groves of the Euphrates may be interspersed with flourishing towns, surrounded with fields of finest wheat, and the most productive plantations of indigo, cotton and sugar cane."

Ammianus called the country a forest of verdure.

It is now most interestling to read the testimony of one whom we may say, is the most fitting one in the world to give such—the best posted man on such a subject—this witness writes 2350 years after Herodotus. The man who by Engineer's skill in projecting the Assuan Dam increased the area of cultivation in the Nile Valley from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 acres....by such the general value of land throughout Egypt was doubled. The cost of this achievement as regards Capital Expenditure was about $20,000,000 or less than $5.00 per acre.

This man, Sir William Willcocks, K. C. M. G., at a Meeting of The Royal Geographical Society on November 15th, 1909, read before that celebrated and august, scholarly Body a paper from which we quote freely—not by any means exhausting the interesting information therein given:

"Appointed by the Turkish Government to engage Engineers and survey and level the rivers and canals of the Tigris—Euphrates delta, and devise projects for the rehabitation of the country, I first set myself the task of mastering the ancient systems of irrigation, improving on them when I could, and adopting them when I could find no better substitute. I started with the Garden of Eden.....

Garden succeeds garden orchards, and date groves lie be-

tween fields of cotton, and life, and prosperity, are before us wherever the water can reach. I do not think it possible to imagine anything more like a practical paradise than the Country near Anah.

The lower Euphrates past Nasrie and Suk-es-Shayuk is a veritable garden surrounded by water.

We have submitted to the Government a project for escaping waters, the excess waters of the Euphrates down the depression of the ancient Pison. An expenditure of £350,000 should suffice for the work—and it should take three years to carry it out—I am not under, and not over the mark, when I say, that the cultivated area will be doubled and the yield of wheat trebled along the Euphrates the day this work is completed.

Surveys and levels are now in hand for the Great Central Canal of the delta which will irrigate 3,000,000 acres of the best land in Mesopotamia, and carry water free of silt—at Beled—in the days to come this, another canal will irrigate 6,000,000 acres.

The works we are proposing are drawn on sure and truthful lines, and the day they are carried out—the two Great Rivers will hasten to respond and Babylonia will once again see her waste places becoming inhabited and the desert blossoming like the rose.

The water of the two rivers and Soil of the Country are yellow in color. As one approaches Babylon we have great stretches of salted land interposed with bare plains and low sand drifts. All the land is capable of easy leveling and reclamation—the presence of 15 per cent lime in the soil renders reclamation very easy—One is never far away from the Great Banks of the old canals, and ruined ancient towns.

In the arid regions of the Earth the withdrawal of water turns a garden to a desert in a few weeks; its restoration touches the country as with a magician's hand.

In her long history of many thousand of years Babylonia

has again and again been submerged, but she has always risen with an energy and thoroughness rivaling the very completeness and suddenness of her fall. She has never failed to respond to those who have striven to raise her. Again it seems that the time has come for this land, long wasted with misery, to rise from the very dust and take her place by the side of her ancient rival of Egypt.

The Rivers are at flood in March, April and May, while August and September are the months of low supply. We may without the aid of reservoirs count on 6,000,000 acres of Winter crops, and 3,000,000 of Summer crops. We shall have wheat, barley and beans in Winter, and cotton, Indian Corn and rice in Summer. The Deserts of Mesopotamia are not desolate like those of Egypt, but in the Great Steppes capable of supporting millions of sheep. The date palm is at home everywhere in the Delta, while the Basra Groves are credited with 10,000,000 trees. Dates and wheat are considered as growing wild at Anah.

I have shown how the country can be protected from floods and now a beginning can be made with the irrigation of 3,000,000 acres of land capable of producing annually 1,000,000 tons of wheat and 2,000,000 hundred weights of cotton. It now remains to consider how to get this product to market—and how to dispose of the million of sheep and hundreds of thousands of cattle which the delta will contain.

Every merchantman and man of business I have talked with in Bagdad states, that the backward state of the country is due in great part that while communication open by River to East, it is to the West that the whole produce of the Country wants to find a way. What is wanted therefore, is a cheap railway connecting Bagdad with the Mediterranean by the shortest and cheapest line possible. Such a Railway would have its outlet on the Mediterranean near Tyre and Sidon. These Centers of Commerce did not place themselves

by accident where we find them today. They fulfilled the requirements of the trade of Western Asia, Haifa and Beirut to the immediate South; and North of Tyre and Sidon are the modern representatives of these old Phoenician Cities. They are connected by rail with Damascus.

The Damascus-Bagdad Railway will pass through Palmyra, Abu-Kimal, Hit and Bagdad. At Hit we have the terminus of free navigation in the Euphrates and future Port of the River. Suk-es-Shayuk—for the area cultivated the population is very dense and the crops excellent.

Total length of Railway from Damascus to Bagdad 550 miles which could be constructed for £2,200,000. In addition to the transport of the Exports and Imports of Tigris—Euphrates delta, the railway from Bagdad to Damascus will be the highway for the merchandise of Persia and for all the Moslem pilgrims of Central Asia to the holy cities of Islam. It will be the shortest route possible between East and West and one day be carrying the mails from East to West."

When to Jeremiah The Holy Spirit revealed the utter destruction of Babylon, "Jeremiah wrote in a book all the Evil that should come upon Babylon even all the words that are written concerning Babylon." (Read the 50th and 51st chapters of Jeremiah) "and Jeremiah said to Seriaich, when thou comest to Babylon then see that thou readest all these words and say, O Jehovah, Thou hast spoken concerning this place to cut it off that none shall dwell therein, neither man nor beast, but that it shall be desolate forever."

It is well to remember that this "Seriaich went with Zedekiah, the King of Judah, to Babylon." This scroll of Jeremiah read in Babylon even before Nebuchadnezzar had, in a great measure, rebuilt and beautified Babylon—before he had, walking in his Royal Palace of Babylon, gazing on its massive, stately buildings, and in self laudation exclaimed: "Is not this Great Babylon, which I have built for the Royal

dwelling place, by the might of my power and for the Glory of My Majesty!" And so this Captive Jew, Seriaich, was not afraid of This Imperial King in the very meridian of his splendid Glory—the entire known world at his feet.

Now this same roll was cast into the Euphrates—this river is famous for the silt it brings in its journey to the Sea—it has filled up the once famous canals of that City and causes yearly inundation over the surrounding country—(which inundation is so fatal to the British Army)—and indeed caused the Turks to gain a brilliant victory (aided by starvation) over British Arms. Who shall say, stranger things have come to pass in the Mystic East—more lately—and will more so after the war—that when these Canals of Ancient Babylon, preserved in a wonderful manner, are cleaned out—this small scroll shall not be discovered.

We firmly believe that in the recently discovered libraries of Babylon the latter day sneerers, in Christian pulpits and college chairs, shall have placed before their eyes the proclamations of Nebuchadnezzar as recorded in the Book of Daniel—they will see it, but so set are such critics in their satanic pride that they will fulfill the words of Holy Writ—you can bray a fool (a higher critic) in a mortar and he will be yet a fool.

Now the Jew Captive Seriaich was not afraid of the displeasure, nor hate of King, nor of Noble, nor of Priests—then, was the Beloved Disciple, the one who for three years almost daily looked in the face of The Blessed One, Jehovah Christ, whom he saw from Mount Olivet ascend to heaven—whom afterwards he again beheld in His Glory: "One like unto The Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool as white as snow; and His eyes were as a flame of fire; and His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters . . . and His countenance was as the

sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw Him I fell at His feet as dead." Read the Description of the ANCIENT OF DAYS in Daniel.

After seeing The King of Glory—John afraid of Nero! John deliberately changing the Angels' words—Rome, to Babylon! What a blot on the honesty of the man whom Jehovah Jesus called a Son of thunder. Such arguments and conclusions are, to say the least of them, rather unseemly and not respectful towards Jehovah Jesus, let alone John.

As John was commanded, "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter." "And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices I was about to write, and I heard a voice from heaven saying seal up those things . . . and write them not."

So we believe that John in this revelation wrote then and there about the future—as they were unrolled before his eyes—nothing left to his memory—and he would not dare to vary from the details of the visions seen, nor from words spoken.

We, therefore, are firmly convinced that Chapters XVII and XVIII of the Book of the Revelations refer to coming Events of the Rebuilt Babylon, the City of the Chaldeans, in the land of Shinar—who with her restoration shall again enwrap the hearts of men with her magnificence—and their Souls by the subtle evil of the old, and new vices of Idolatry. And we must remember that to-day over half of the inhabitants of the world have the Babylon veil over their eyes hiding the light of Jehovah, the veil woven by the cunning hand of Satan in Babylon immediately after the Flood.

There is surely no Book of Holy Scriptures so much twisted and contorted as this Book of Revelation. Christian men, saved by The Blood-men, have written on this same book in such language, and with such views so absurd, that in spite of the opening injunction, "Blessed is he that Read-

eth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein." People, real Christians, back away from this book, not more so than if the verse had read, "Cursed is he that readeth, etc." And Christian commentators have been the real offenders—their attempts at clearing up its mysteries have been oft so silly, so absurd, so ridiculous—that their tomes have done more injury than all the sneers of the Infidels.

The Sin of Satan, we are told, was pride; and not the shadow of a doubt but it is this same sin—Pride, that has made this Book as it were a stumbling block to so many true followers of The Holy One. We Gentiles are so convinced of our Own Importance that we will not believe that Jehovah had ever a chosen people—are we not flesh and blood like to these Jews?

Think you it is possible that The Eternal One could, would or should hold one race—and that an ignoble, paltry race—above the multiplicity of Earth's races! And by this Satanic inspired pride we Gentiles read ourselves in the Old and New Testaments as *The People*—to the Jews the curses—for they deserved them: To the Gentiles, the Church, belong all the Blessings—long ago forfeited by The Jews for their wickedness. The Early Fathers of the Christian Church robbed the Jews, and we, their Children, are more brazen than even they were, both in reiteration, practice, and convictions. Verily it was a Jew who wrote the XI Chapter in Romans—and verses 17, 18, 21 are particularly offensive to our Anglo-Saxon-Russian-Latin-Germanic and American self-esteem and pride! It surely suits us well to have our scholarly Christian Hyper-Critics pen-knife The Book so well that scarce a ribbon of a page is left.

Yet this Book of Revelations is rather clear if the Book of Daniel read side by side—the one the key to the other. And if Christians in general did not believe that the Book of Revelation is a history of The Church, that the Gentile

Church the only Jewel in Jehovah's thoughts—we would take the Book as a Book of Facts, and not a scheme of vivid imaginations, wherein the future facts recorded therein will lie fulfilled to the letter. The disposition of true, blood-washed Christians to ignore the Old Testament is not of God's teachings—but a grievous error on their part. We have even two Deacons in a Church proclaiming itself thoroughly Evangelical, saying: "What have we to do with the Old Testament—we do not read anything but the New Testament." Now if such sayings in the Elders' mouth—what will be the fruits which the Young People will bring forth?

We hold with the learned Bishop, "That a literal interpretation of the Divine Words comes nearest to the Divine Mind."

The momentous question, whether England or Germany shall be the Renovator of Mesopotamia is not yet settled. At present writing the Armies of England victorious—but none can tell if disaster will not yet change that phase of the situation.

For many years have some celebrated Englishmen, who had personally become acquainted with that country, recognizing its surpassing fruitfulness, lying fallow, pleaded with their Government the importance of a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf—not only from material benefits, but also as a quick passage to guard from Russia her pearl, India. In 1831, Chesney advocated "a Railway from one of the ports opposite to the Island of Cyprus to the head waters of the Euphrates, and water transport down that river to Basra . . . . whilst at some later period the railway itself might be extended to the Persian Gulf."

At that time the Sultan of Turkey could only rely on England of all the Nations as a support, and would have been glad to give England the right of way to Persian Gulf. Then came the Building of Suez Canal, which Bismarck termed, "The spinal cord of the British Empire." But, built

by France, that nation owned the largest portion of the Bonds, therefore, controlled its management. The Nations had agreed that the Canal should only be used for commercial purposes. Russia had declared war against Turkey, had defeated them, and their victorious army within a hundred miles of their long coveted prize, Constantinople. At that time there was a Jew, a romance writer, poor, whose ambition led him to be a member of Parliament—called a dandy, an unscrupulous adventurer, but a far-seeing, subtle, brilliant, brainy man who by intellect and grit became head of the then most Aristocratic Party in the World, the Tories, became Prime Minister of England (a position nearer to being Dictator to the World than any other Person on the Earth). This fascinating Jew secretly, suddenly purchased the Controlling Interest in the Suez Canal, loaded war transports with some of the best fighting soldiers of India, sent them, in spite of the Written Will of Nations, through the Suez Canal—and checkmated Victorious Russia.

Time and time again had Englishmen advocated this Railway to India—but the British, now the mistress of the Seas, smugly content with the Suez Canal, fell asleep—rather, listened to some of her Statesmen like Curzon, Governor of India, who wrote, "the scheme of a Euphrates Valley Railway, if tried, will be found wanted."

M. Cheradame in his fascinating book states: "The Rulers of Great Britain exclusively guided by the seducing, but entirely inaccurate idea, that since they desired Peace there would not be War."

But while England as usual dilly-dallied a certain Young German full of enthusiasm who had written, "All German Rivers should be under German Control," also "devoted his attention to Asia Minor and suggested that in that country Germans might find ample scope for their energies . . . perceived to the plains of Mesopotamia the attention of Europe would be directed, ... some day it would be possible

to place an iron arm across the Asiatic dominion of the Sultan, the shoulder of which would be a United German Empire, whilst the fingers would stretch towards the southern limits of Persian waters on the other."

This, written years before there was an Empire of Germany. This young German had spent six years in Turkey going there in 1835. "His stay in Asia Minor led him to realize the immense importance of Asiatic Turkey . . . . a continent in itself, forms a natural bridge for the Nations who penetrate" from West to East. Writing in 1841 he suggested, "that the Holy Land should be placed under a sovereign prince of the German Nation."

This young German, with the eagle eye of clear vision, who saw (as clearly as Chesney in 1831) the importance of Mesopotamia, was no less a personage than the celebrated Von Moltke, afterwards Field Marshal of Germany and Conqueror of France. (I quote largely from a most readable book, "The German Road to the East," by Evans Lewin). So William, The Greedy, trained by such a genius, took to heart the words of the young German seer—became Protector of Turkey, Master Builder of the Bagdad Railway: the question is, whose hand, English or German, shall renovate Mesopotamia—and lay the foundation of the New Babylon—which Anti-Christ will beautify—make it The Great Commercial City of the World.

We now hear Christians deploring by pen and tongue the Blindness of the Jews in regard to the Rejection of The Messiah—and yet Christians are more so blind as to the Future of the Jews—Protestant Christians claim an open Bible—yet they remain as a body—even multitudes of the true blood-saved Christians — ignoring the Old Testament prophecies, writing "Fulfilled" on page after page, when if they read such carefully, they could see they have not been fulfilled.

They read Isaiah, 13th and 14th chapters, and Jeremiah,

50th and 51st chapters, and say, "Literally Fulfilled," which, if such judgments there recorded fulfilled the chapters (let me say it with meekness) are brazenly untrue. We reiterate again, the destruction of ancient Babylon was not sudden; at that time the Jews as a nation did not go back to Palestine; that was not the Restoration set forth by Isaiah and Jeremiah; and there never has been a restoration as there recorded.

Jehovah had not "opened His Armory, and hath (not) brought forth the Weapons of His Indignation; for The Lord, Jehovah of Hosts, hath a work to do in the Land of the Chaldeans." His Wrath of Destruction will be poured out on the Revived Babylon as recorded in Revelation 17th and 18th chapters.

And it would be well if we were more careful in asking in every incident in The Word—"What Spiritual lesson is there in this for us?" We have spiritualized the Bible in such a manner that it is a laughter to the Infidels and a confusion to Believers.

We cannot be convinced that either The Church, nor the Bride, occupies as it were so much of the lime-light in Revelation.

The views held that the four and twenty Elders represent the Church in the Heavenlies we think is rather far-fetched. The Old Testament Saints are read out entirely of all interest in such conception. Is it not a better interpretation that the Four and Twenty Elders were Representative Believers from Adam to the Death of our Lord Jesus Christ. Adam, Enoch, Abraham, the representative Prophets, Kings, Poets—men who all believed in a Coming Redeemer—a Job who prophesied that he would in resurrected body see His Redeemer on this Earth—men of whom we are told by Apostle Peter, 1st Epistle, 1 Ch., 10th verse: "Of which Salvation the Prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you;

searching what, or what manner of time The Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the Glory that should follow." When our Blessed Lord had ascended to Heaven, the Eternal One was to give a further Revelation as what would usher in The Glory—He had suffered the Penalty of Sin, He had fulfilled the 53rd of Isaiah to the letter—and, no doubt, the Fathers asked when would he fulfill the 63rd of Isaiah—surely a question that all The Redeemed who had departed from the Earth were vitally interested in—it meant so much for them—some of them, aye, probably all of them had waited over Five Hundred years—some of them two thousand, some three thousand, some four thousand—and to have Jehovah's Great Men absent from His Council when The Man-Redeemer was to receive His Title to the Kingdoms of Earth and Heavenly places—would be Unthinkable! Therefore we are of the opinion that the Four and Twenty Elders were the Great Beacon Lights of Jehovah amid the otherwise profound darkness over all else of Humanity—they, the Representative of Believers before The Death of Christ.

And at the time the Revelation was given to John, not alone to John, but to the Beings of entire universe—everyone of them being interested in that Revelation—an opening up of The Mind of The Trinity, the Churches were a comparatively small body,—some two thousand years were to roll away before the "Hereafter" events should occur—hence, to put the Church as the Elders is a far-fetched idea—and as John was to make known the Revelation to the Church what necessity for the Church to be at such Council?

Then when the 7th Chapter relates the sealing of the Tribes of Israel—does it not bring to mind that only one third of the Jewish population in Jerusalem under Anti-Christ will be saved—two thirds shall perish. And when it is brought to mind that in the Jewish manner of counting, only males of age counted—women and children not counted,

so that the sealing of 144,000 would, counting men, women and children, run up to half a million of souls; we see no just reason then to read any other number in the number specified.

In Chapter 9th, we have creations introduced never heard of before, and scholars have straightway hunted all history to give a name and place; the tails said to be, "the horse tails worn by the Turks." Now why not have common sense, because earthly eye has not seen—why should it be said—there is none, neither will be such creatures. We know not what creatures are in the orbs of the universe. We are not skeptical of such, and we have neither the common sense, nor reason, to deny the awful, terrible horsemen have existence. We say the same of the Four Living Creatures—we may be foolish—but we would rather believe that such creatures are in existence—that Isaiah, Chapter 6th; Ezekiel, Chapter 1st (that the carved Cherubim of Ezekiel, 41st Chapter, 18th verse, which will beautify the Inner Temple yet to be built do represent certain living creatures), that Revelation, 4th Chapter, verse 6—are actual creatures—and no mystical body of Believers.

Why is the record of Revelation 9th, beginning verse 13th, treated as non-literal. Here we are presented with: "Loose the four Angels that are bound at the Great River Euphrates!" They were evidently Captains of a mighty host of Demons, for "the number of the armies of the horsemen was twice ten thousand times ten thousand: And I heard the number of them." The Angels who are yet bound must have been very wicked before Jehovah, for myriads of Demons have not been bound, and will not, until The Coming King arrives. The Epistle of Jude gives the Key: "And Angels that kept not their own principality, but left their proper habitation, He hath kept in everlasting bonds under darkness unto the Judgment of the Great Day."

We are rapidly approaching the Age of Miracles—the two

Witnesses—two men will perform miracles on the Earth—their task to show the world, especially people in Palestine, that Jehovah has not left the World to "its set laws." *"The Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven"* will, after a silence of two thousand years, again be proclaimed, and this time to both Jew and Gentile—at first during our Lord's ministry only to the Jews—but after the *Jewish Rulers,* * * * *

Rejection—the cry has not been heard—The Gospel of Grace is now proclaimed; but as the days of Coming Kingdom draw near again that Glorious cry will come: "Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"

In the same manner the number stated in Chapter XIV is treated not as actual but mystical. And why this should not be an actual number is hard to tell. All the Kings of the Earth had, and have, special attendants to go with them wherever they go. Here it is stated that The Lord Jesus stood on Mount Zion and with Him a hundred forty and four thousand having His Father's name written in their foreheads. They were harpers, singing a new song, and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty-four thousand who were redeemed from Earth—these are they which were not defiled with women, for they were as virgins. These are they which follow The Lamb whithersoever He goeth . . . . . first fruits unto God and to The Lamb, and in their mouth was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God. Could the wording be more pointed and simple—what great wonder if The King of Glory who is worshiped by Trillions innumerable, in the vast stretches of the Universe, visiting His various Principalities should have a Royal Body Guard. If this a mystical number—and the church—it is rather far-fetched to say the Whole Church would ever be moving about with Him—nay, the members of the Redeemed are to be Priests and Kings on the earth—and no doubt in other places of His Dominions.

Of all the silly arguments brought forth by learned men,

the most absurd, that of charging the Apostle John of Cowardice; that, afraid of the anger of Nero, he did not dare to write Rome, so to hide the identity of the City wrote "Babylon." It is in this City of Babylon under the tutelage of Satan himself that the Antichrist, The Assyrian, The Head of the Revived Roman Empire, The Beast—all names given to one man, who will again establish a Religion, a worship that will allure men—filling every desire of their hearts, a system of Idolatry that in spite of the terrible plagues recorded in Rev., 9th Chapter, which Jehovah poured out on them, yet: "The rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues, yet repented not of the work of their hands, that they should not worship Devils, and idols of Gold, and Silver and Brass, and stone and of wood which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk." And the words of the Prophet Isaiah very significant which speaks of a return of part of the Jews—"Their land is also full of Idols."

So that the Woman of Mystery, Babylon, under the Leadership of Antichrist will have an established State Religion of Satan's origin—which will be gorgeous, fascinating, attractive, its ministers arrayed in rich apparel, purple and scarlet color, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls—but even this Religion will give place to a worship of Satan himself.

Therefore we believe that the 6th verse of 17th Chapter of Revelation mentions two distinct sections of Jehovah's people—this woman representing the iniquity of Babylon was drunk with the Blood of Jewish Saints—and will in the near future be drunk with the Blood of the Martyrs of Jesus. The appellation of Saints is given time and time again in Old Testament to Jews.

It is Jehovah dishonoring to say, that He would not mean what He said—when He sent His Angel to reveal to John the future, He meant what He said—Babylon, and not Rome, was the City mentioned.

And what, were the Saintly Jews more noble in sustaining the words of Jehovah than John; to Babylon they carried the Holy Scripture—the writings of Isaiah and Jeremiah—writings that told of the Destruction of Babylon—the Babylon rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar, glorified, the well beloved of his pride—think you, Daniel was silent and never referred to Jehovah's words—Daniel afraid—Never! And was John the Beloved, The Son of Thunder, poorer in spirit than Daniel? This defamation of John is ridiculous—he was not afraid of Nero, not more so than the humblest Christian who entered the arena to meet death's certainty by the maw of the wild beasts.

And of the 18th Chapter of Revelation we boldly say—It is the resurrected Babylon of the Chaldeans that is meant, and not Rome.

If careful reading of Jeremiah is given it is very clear to see that the return of the Jews recorded in Chapters 50 and 51, verses 4, 5 and 6 have not been fulfilled up to the present day. When Babylon was taken by the Persians from Belteshazzar there was no destruction of The City. And at that time the words: "Flee out of the midst of Babylon and go forth out of the land of the Chaldeans!" was evidently not intended for the then living Jews. A great body of the Jews at the end of the Seventy years did not return, but settled down in that rich country—and Babylon was not destroyed, the destruction did not come suddenly as foretold by the Prophets, the decay was very gradual—and it was from this Babylon The Apostle Peter sent forth his celebrated Epistle. There was never a time even up to the present when the words recorded in the verse 40 were fulfilled, and as before noted in first preface, the words recorded in Chapter 51—verse 26, have never been fulfilled—as the town of Hillah is built almost entirely of bricks taken from Babylon.

If one claim that the recorded prophecies of Chapters 51

and 52 fulfilled by the present state of Babylon, then the exaggeration of words has never been surpassed. False in about every particular. We therefore say boldly, the Destruction of Babylon is yet in the future—and the New Babylon to be ruled by Antichrist, described so minutely in 18th Chapter, Revelation, will be destroyed to the letter and every word of Jeremiah and John will be literally fulfilled.

No doubt at the Restoration of Mesopotamia the natural born traders, the Jews, will flock there in large numbers—for Babylon will be the Golden City of the world—and then the cry of warning to the Jews recorded in verse 8th of Chapter 51, Jeremiah, and verse 4th in Chapter 18 of Revelation, will be listened to—for it is one call recorded in the two verses: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and that ye receive not of her plagues for her sins have reached unto heaven and God hath remembered her iniquities." For when Babylon is suddenly destroyed it will be a token that soon after our Blessed Jehovah's feet will again be on Mount Olivet.

And here may we digress with a few words. The Writer has never fully believed that the Secret Rapture could be proven from The Word, but he has not ever sought in writings to disprove such—feeling it was a subject on which Brethren should not quarrel—for the Greater Hope, that the Redeemer would come in His own good way and own good time. After forty years of consideration he cannot endorse that view—but neither would he be willing to rob any brother in Christ of the pleasure of such a constant watching. But there is an element of danger in it—that when the time of the Coming—the entering in of the period of the last three years and one-half—if a weak brother should not have his hope realized it would be a terror to him, as he would not be ready for Martyrdom which more than likely will be the fate of multitudes of Gentile Believers.

But to the Writer it seemeth the part of a "slacker," a

coward, to wish to escape the glorious Fate — a martyr! *Remember, that period will be the last time on earth that any man can be a martyr for the sake of The Lord Jesus Christ!* And if one would be so ill informed as to pick out a single text and narrow it to the given information therein contained, taking the 4th verse of the 20th Chapter of Revelation it would seem as if only those who were martyrs during the reign of Antichrist would reign with Christ for the thousand years—which is not a fair deduction.

Then if only those who are ready shall meet him, and if the readiness consists in looking for His coming—a vast body of Believers would be left behind—another deduction not borne out by Resurrection verses.

Then we would be forced to believe in many periods of Resurrections, and we only read of two in The Word. And so the mind has its pros and cons—not convinced as to details, but heart ever ready to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

And another point—to us most strange that anyone could spiritualize The City described in Revelation—21st Chapter, verses 9 to the end. The City that The Lord Jesus within a few hours of his suffering in Gethsemane (the place where He first took on Himself the Burden of the Sin of The World *of the entire Universe).* He made that exceeding Glorious, Precious Promise: "For I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also!" Therefore they greatly would lead the Followers of Christ astray who would dare to say that The City written of by John—is not an actual City—a City of Gold and Precious Stones. We really have no patience with minds so spiritual that would darken the Word of God to make such a City—a sign, a vision of Church perfection! If we are to be raised in a glorious body then we must look for a material City to dwell in, where The Lamb is the light

thereof. The mind that will spiritualize the gates of pearls; the walls of Jasper; the foundations—the first, Jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, Chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth, chrysoprase; the eleventh, jacinth; the twelfth, amethyst; is so spiritual as to be—well, foolishly given to make matter a non-existing, hazy, mazy affair, neither good for man nor angel.

We are of the opinion, that now, as we are nearing the end of the Gentile Days (and surely this present war shows conclusively that Gentiles cannot govern themselves—the European Nations are fast showing their rule is not a Righteous One, and some of the Rulers worse than Wild Beasts,) that we shall have Teachers raised up, who will by The Holy Spirit's enlightenment make clear to the Followers of Christ the mysteries in the Books of Revelation and Daniel. For when Daniel said: "O my Lord, what shall be the issue of these things?" The answer was: "Go thy way, Daniel; for the words are shut up and sealed till the time of the end!"

Therefore we are not far off until the end of Gentile Rule—and as converted Jews seem to have a special blessedness in opening up the Scriptures—and all of the Old and New Testaments written by Jews, inspired by Jehovah—what more likely than that the 5th verse of the 4th Chapter of Malachi—Christ's Messenger, Elijah the Prophet, will be the Messenger to make plain—The Writings.

We hear strange voices crying in this World-Night of Destruction and Death that surely portend of strange things about to come upon the Earth—sounds of such whisperings like evil winds, worse than that of the hot blasts of the Simoon.

Amid the voices we have so-called ministers of Christ who tell us that when the men now in the Camps and Trenches

return home that the Churches must recast their creeds to suit the views of the Home Comers: that the Church (?) will fail in her mission if the Old Evangelical Theology is not emasculated of all the Doctrines held by the Church now near 1900 years—and by these those renegades mean—The Inspiration of The Scriptures; The Deity of Christ; the Redemption from Sin by the Blood shed on the Cross; Salvation by Faith in a crucified and Risen Christ. In place of these Jehovah given doctrines we must have, The Fatherhood of God of all Humanity; The Brotherhood of Jesus; Justification by personal works and merits; No Retribution after this life for the sinner—all the offspring of God, and that God an indulgent Father; that there is no transgression of Sin—men commit no sin, simply faults—in fact, a restoration of the Early Days, "when every man did what was right in his own eyes"—so that he wrought for civic righteousness. As it has ever been—so as the priest so are the people. The Ministers speaking soft things and strange doctrines, for the man in the street "has itching ears."

Then we have in Camp and Trench the Young Men's Christian Association—doing humanly a gracious work—but largely a purveyor to the flesh. We heartily endorse their work in giving the young men on battle front, home comforts, home atmosphere, home amusements, words of cheer and fellowship—but their speakers largely of men who pass by The Gospel of the Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ—we hear too much of The Gospel of Sacrifices: "You have laid on the altar of your country—your youth, your young manhood, your earthly ambition, and are willing to sacrifice even life for Democracy—therefore, your offerings acceptable to God; you therefore needing no mediator; can fearlessly face Death and a Happy Hereafter!" So the Young Men's Christian Association have Speakers, Clergymen and Laymen at the front, who are eloquent, devoted, engaging in speech and manners, Good Fellows—but when cursed by the virus

of Higher Critics' views and aims, put in the hearts a lie—and give those brave young men "a refuge of lies"—making their Eternal Salvation rest on the grounds, that they, like Jesus, give their lives for Humanity!

We have voices in the night: of a better World after the war: of a New Discovery of God!

Alas! we fear that when the young men return to their homes—and see around, The Ruin, the Devastation of villages, towns and cities—and farms; the Millions of Cripples; the aged broken and bereft; the widows, the orphans—and the tasks before them to rebuild, to be doomed for years with tears of bitterness, "to scrape and pare" to pay Taxes for interest on War Bonds which they, for years, must stagger under—then will they not look up to what to them is a silent heaven, without having a Living Faith in a Crucified and Risen Saviour—will they not cry out:

"If there is a God, a God of Love, of Mercy, an Almighty, Peace-Loving God, why did He not prevent this War, this wrecking of prosperity, of home, of family, this fearful waste of life not only of the Aged, but the deflowering of maidens, the ravishing of Wives—murdering of Babes, aye, the Destruction of the very flower of manhood—youths shot to fragments—all trampled in mud, and blood, and mire! What, a God of Love to allow all this! Nay! If there is such a God—heedless of human suffering—we will not bow down and worship such a God—away with such from heart, and mind—and as to this pale Christ—we will not have such a man to Reign over us!"

We hear of a great Revival of Catholicism—nay, not a lasting Revival—for even that, and Protestantism, must give place to the Religion of Humanity.

We hear cries in the night—Fearful, Awful, Voracious—Socialism—ending in Anarchy, with a religion of blatant, blasphemous Atheism! Read the following, clipped from a popular newspaper, and then ask: What can stem the tide of

blasphemy which is sweeping over Germany? For in the Morgenpost, from the noted free thinker Schlunsen, who writes:

"Of what use is a debate on the existence of the Deity? The invisible can assume no earthly obligation, can bear no mortal burdens. One might as reasonably say that the ether bore a message; that there was divine ordination in the soughing of the night wind over the battle field; that God was a mere road to some desired end; that peace could be found only at the termination of that road. There is only one God—fear. There is another God—annihilation. Expediency is the intercessor and completes the Trinity. Germany's one hope lies in that Trinity.

All hope in invisible intercession must be put away. Fear of the doom that awaits them must be inspired in the breast of all who oppose Germany. In that lies her salvation. She must trust in no other. The struggle for unity would be its own compensation. When that is accomplished, Germany can dispense her favors and can defy her enemies—and the invisible God."

But the Believers in The Blood Redemption from Sin, bestowed a free gift to all who will accept, an unconditional Gift, hearing such Demon Inspired Voices of The Night can lift up their eyes, for the signs are such as prophesied two thousand years ago are being fulfilled—that The Coming of Jehovah Jesus is now even at the door.

PREFACE.

The Blood Bought and Blood Washed Believers in Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ can rest assured that all the Prophecies in the Old and New Testaments not yet fulfilled, shall yet be fulfilled in the most literal manner, to the most minute detail as recorded. When a prophecy has been fulfilled we can rest assured that the occurrence as predicted in the Word has come to pass in a manner that leaves no room for dispute.

At the first coming of Our Lord to this Earth—(The Merchantman seeking Pearls of great price who when he found one did give up "his all" to purchase that Pearl) His every step, as it were, from Cradle to Resurrection was fulfilling prophecies that had been blazoned on Jewish Sacred pages many a century before. His birthplace—His Boyhood and early manhood's home—His miracles—His rejection—His scourging—dividing His raiments—the casting lots for His vesture—His infamous death—His burial—all prophecied about—and all fulfilled to the letter. Now, if hundreds of prophecies have been literally fulfilled to the jot and tittle, why should we doubt the literal fulfillment of other predictions spoken of and recorded by the very same Prophets of God?

It is sad to think that some of the best and noblest Christians in their endeavor to prove the destruction of Babylon as recorded in the Old Testament, in their pious anxiety to justify the words of God to men—in their attempt to steady the tottering Ark of Jehovah—have in a manner given new life to some of the oldest heresies of the early Church. With their "looseness" of interpretation they have given the Infidel just cause to laugh at such fulfillment, and thereby to despise

"this Book of Old Jewish Myths"; aye, and in their pious ignorance of the actual condition of Babylon, and the Chaldean plains, they have put on record a so-called fulfillment utterly false in the face of present facts. And also from their pious spiritualizing—this foolish helping out of GOD from HIS difficulties—they have given birth to a school of most pernicious and GOD dishonoring interpretations of The Blessed Word—Such Spiritualizing forces Honest Common Sense (without the enlightenment of the new birth) to become a despiser of a Book that may mean this, or that, or anything a fervid imagination may conceive.

When we read of certain predictions recorded against a certain City—and details therein set forth that were to happen, why should we take certain phases and say "literally fulfilled"—and gloss over and ignore other details which we can readily prove were not fulfilled? The Words of GOD are to be taken in the most literal sense unless it can be clearly seen the words are uttered as a parable or symbol. The Words of GOD were spoken for the enlightenment of The Spiritual man—the one born to God in second birth—and tho' some utterance now seem dark and mysterious we can rest assured that some day we will see them fulfilled as predicted.

When therefore GOD says of Babylon, the proud City of the Chaldean plain—the spot where first organized opposition against GOD took place after the flood—that:

1. *"And Babylon, the Glory of the Kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when* GOD *overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah."*
2. *"It shall never be inhabited."*
3. *"Neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation."*
4. *"Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there."*
5. *"Neither shall the shepherds make their folds there."*
6. *"It shall be no more inhabited forever."*
7. *"No man shall abide there."*
8. *"Neither shall any son of man dwell therein."*

9. *"Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed."*

10. *"To make the land of Babylon a desolation without an inhabitant."*

11. *"And they shall not take of thee a stone for a corner nor a stone for foundations but thou shall be desolate forever, saith the* LORD."

12. *"Her cities are Desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither does any son of man pass thereby."*

After reading the above verses from the WORD let us read the unimpeachable testimony of Professor D. V. Hilprecht, in a publication dated October 6th, 1900: *"Before Professor Hilprecht left Babylonia, he accepted a cordial invitation from the German Expedition working at Kuwairesh, a small Arab village on the Euphrates, beautifully situated between the palm groves at the foot of the ruins which cover Nebuchadnezzar's palace in ancient Babylon."* This is a flat contradiction of the above verses marked 1 to 8 inclusive. Again Professor Hilprecht: *"The expectations that interesting treasures of art would be discovered in the interior of the palace have not been realized, the history of Babylon's* GRADUAL DECAY *being unfavorable to such expectations."* Flatly contradicting verses No. 9 and No. 10—as the decay was gradual, not suddenly. Again Professor Hilprecht: *"According to my conviction, based upon a study of the inscriptions and repeated visits to the different groups representing what is left of Nebuchadnezzar's splendid residence, the famous sanctuary of Babylon must be sought in the most northern ruin of the whole complex called today Babil, which for many centuries has served as the almost inexhaustible quarry for public and private buildings from the embankments of the Tigris opposite Bagdad to the modern structures of the Hindiya canal and in the town of Hilla."* A flat contradiction of verses No. 11 and No. 12.

Now, we see no reason to doubt for one instant the veracity

of such writers as Captain Frank Burnaby, in his ride through Asiatic Turkey, and John Punnett Peters (and other well known men) in that interesting book "Nippur." Such reliable testimony flatly contradicts the utter desolation of Babylon of the land of Chaldea as recorded in GOD'S Holy Word. What, then, as GOD must be true—are we forced to the conclusion, such men are liars?—Is it not the better part of faith and common sense to come to the one inevitable conclusion, no matter if whole Libraries of writings by Schoolmen made rubbish by such confession—that GOD'S Word cannot be false and that Babylon of the Chaldees is yet to be destroyed as GOD has spoken by the mouth of HIS Holy Prophets? For no believer in the LORD JESUS CHRIST can hold with the utterly Blasphemous ideas now prevalent in the Broad Church, both in England and America—and alas, in many, very many, of the so-called Orthodox pulpits—that such predictions were highly colored poetical fancies—the glowing hyperbolical brilliancy of the Oriental mind.

We can without a hesitancy of a doubt say—If such has not been fulfilled it will most assuredly as GOD liveth be fulfilled in the coming future. GOD'S Word has never failed. GOD'S Word has never been broken. Then as a certain definite doom has been recorded by GOD against Babylon, and as we can readily prove by a hundred creditable witnesses that such predictions have not been fulfilled in the first destruction of Babylon, we can say with unfaltering trust: Babylon of the Chaldees shall rise from her ruins, shall deck herself in a glory of Gold and Splendor of which we have as yet little conception, shall be the Commercial Mart of the then newly risen Roman Empire—if not the world—that one may yet stand on roof of one of her palaces, read the 18th chapter of Revelations, Spread abroad his hands, and exclaim: Every word uttered two thousand years ago stands fulfilled to the jot and tittle.

It has ever been the darling wish of Lucifer to be wor-

shiped as God—We know one-third of the heavenly host followed his standard of Rebellion, and we know that over one-half of the Inhabitants of the Earth are worshiping him by the various forms of idolatry. But his most daring wish is to be worshiped by the most intelligent and enlightened nations of the world. And as the "most scholarly" Professors in our various Christian Colleges and Universities are now busily casting discredit on the words of even JEHOVAH CHRIST himself—notably in the matter of Jonah, the Prophet, for if that record is false—so is CHRIST'S resurrection from the dead. We may safely say that the product of such teaching turned loose on the common people will show in the next generation a goodly crop of Word Despisers—and so preparing the General Public to be ready victims when GOD will withdraw HIS outraged Grace, and permit the strong delusion to settle on man's mind, so that they will believe *"The Lie!"* Lucifer has very ambitious designs, and it seems The Chaldean Plains have ever been in his mind as the stage on which his infernal Drama should be revealed. He was once foiled at Babel in this intent—but there is coming a day, known only to GOD, when Satan's designs shall blossom to a head. Babylon will be the culminating point of Satanic Wickedness on Earth. And tho' Professors sneer, and Wise men laugh, at the idea—*"An impossibility in this enlightened age"*—yet on the plains of Shinar the most enlightened Nations of Europe (in the bounds of the old Roman Empire) will by their Representatives Worship Lucifer as God.

No matter if most of the Preachers and Teachers in Christion Churches today ignore and laugh to scorn the idea of that terrible Being—ANTICHRIST—he yet shall surely come. His City—the Royal City of his pride—shall be Babylon.

The near future is big with mighty wonders—and all set forth in clear cut detail in GOD'S Blessed Word, but ignored, glossed over, and disbelieved in by most of the pulpits of the World.

The City of Jerusalem shall arise from her slumbers—again shall a Temple of splendor flash to the eyes of Jews and Gentiles—again shall the morning and evening sacrifices send their thin smoke heavenward—again the Sopher call be heard in Zion.

On some set day, known only to GOD, the Leaders of the Jews shall enter into a covenant with the Prince of Babylon—he to be their Protector and Guardian for seven years. Three years and one-half afterwards he forbids the daily sacrifices. He proclaims himself the Man God—he acknowledges the fallen Prince Lucifer as his God—his prophet proclaims The Man God shall have universal recognition as God!—The Trinity of Hell shall usurp the place of the Trinity of Heaven towards Humanity.

Three years and one-half—forty and two months—1,260 days—shall be the revelry of Hell—then THE LORD CHRIST stretches forth HIS hand and the first to feel the coming of THE WRATH OF THE LAMB—Babylon, The City of Anti-Christ. Her plagues are plainly foretold:

"The Gathering of Barbarians of Asia—lured by her spoil."
"The Noisome Sore."
"The Drying up of the Euphrates."
"The turning of the Waters to Blood."
"The Horrible Darkness."
"The Terrible Heat."
"The Sacking of the City."
"The Slaughter of the Inhabitants."

Then the finger of JEHOVAH CHRIST writing Destruction on palaces and towers, the flame—the Earthquakes—the City and Plain swept by the Besom of Destruction from JEHOVAH OF HOSTS! Then one may stand far off and read the perdiction recorded by GOD both in the Old and New Testaments, and say without fear of a Shadow of Doubt:

Surely as He hath spoken hath Babylon been broken.

It is most pleasing to note of the increasing number of the pulpits in Great Britain—more especially in the Established

Church of England—who give forth "no uncertain sound" as to the Glorious Coming of the King, who shall reign in Righteousness, personally, and by His Risen Saints over a Sanctified and Redeemed Earth from which will be lifted forever the blighting Curse of Sin.

And the pity of it all that the Great Protestant Reformers, the Giants of the Imperial Christ, should have by their careless reading of the Prophetic Scriptures given a chance to the men of later times to build a whole System of Prophecy on their words—that men of the present days can readily see had no foundation in fact. The Reformers made the fatal mistake of calling Rome—Babylon; and making the Pope Anti-Christ—but the Bible to such gives no countenance. But that those days were perilous no doubt the Reformers would have handled The Prophetic Word, with the same literalness that they held the Doctrine of Justification by Faith in a Crucified and Risen Lord. However, they, following the ancient fathers, made that allegation which some of the present day Protestants still reiterate—tho their proofs are not convincing. In fact, the Doctrine of The Immaculate Conception bars the way of the Pope being the Anti-Christ—and as long as the Church of Rome holds this doctrine as all precious to her heart—she cannot be the City of Babylon. The Apostle John inspired by GOD THE HOLY GHOST, wrote: *"Every spirit that confesseth not that* JESUS CHRIST *is come in the flesh is not of* GOD*; and that is that spirit of Anti-Christ."*

The most deadly doctrine of Rome—the worship of Mary and that for giving birth to the Lord Jesus Christ—therefore undeniable proof that the Pope is not Anti-Christ. Again the Apostle John, inspired by God the Holy Ghost, wrote:

"If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with

fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name."

Now we are not so foolish as to think for one instant that all the followers of the Roman Church are lost—nay, if we must write it—we believe the name of CHRIST is Talismanic—and its utterance on dying lips have a power we wot not of—and never can until HE comes—or until we cross the River where we shall in the Abode of Spirits awaiting the Resurrection day, meet, and greet as Brethren, millions from the Church of Rome.

The mistake then was making A System—The Anti-Christ—when the Bible clearly states He will be a Person.

The other mistake—calling Rome, Babylon! for which in the entire range of GOD'S Blessed Word we have not a single verse or word to give us authority for so saying.

Seeing then that the Reformers were careless in this particular—that the Divines have preached and written wondrous tomes to prove a false position for the past three hundred years, it is hardly a wonder that the mass of Preachers seeing the absurdity of such Words—are inclined to gloss over the Character of That Wicked Person, yet to come, whose portraiture is so clearly defined by GOD THE HOLY GHOST in HIS written Word. The Religious Press and Christian Pulpits are largely silent on such a Character. The Glamour of Glory and Splendor of Commercial Exploits have dazzled Christian eyes—until they dream such bringeth the Glory of God.

The unique position of the Jew is entirely forgotten. We are full of pride, we Gentiles—the lust of conquest in our Anglo-Saxon blood—and shall we listen to the Word which declares in no uncertain words—that in spite of our hate—the Jews are yet to be the Princes of this Earth.

The mass of American Christians therefore blinded by—

mark well the words—the Wilful Blindness of College Professors (and consequently of the Preachers)—for they profess to study, to examine, to comprehend, to teach young men to be expounders of God's Word to the common people, and yet, alas, the Day of Anti-Christian Darkness cometh, but they will not heed—nor do they care to understand.

For we cannot but be persuaded of the Reasonableness of the Mercy and Grace of God in The Lord Jesus Christ—The King of the Ages, and we know that the earth shall not always be a Kingdom of Wickedness—a Rebel Province, a Blight within the Beautiful Universe of God—We know that,

"The King shall come to his own again."

And as we look across the world—seeing the effects of sin—beholding its misery, its pain, its anguish, its sorrow; hear its crying and lamentations and bitter woe—knowing that there is an infernal virus in the World poisoning Life at the fountain head; that men are utterly impotent to conquer sin—still Hope Singeth to Faith Glad Songs of Deliverance in this night time, our hearts are full of Gladness—tho'

The Earth is full of bitter things;
And Doubt has many questionings—
Problems I cannot comprehend,
Perchance, will not until the End;
But well I know that I can wait
With simple trust outside His gate,
And when He comes I know full well
All wrong will be impossible.
Now, in the Infancy of man,
None grasps all the Eternal Plan,
We walk by faith, and not by sight,
But when as men we see His light,
Our heart and lips all glad to tell:
Behold, He hath done all things well!

We know that the curse is to be lifted from Humanity—from the Earth—We know over a happy Earth a King shall reign in Righteousness, and Princes shall rule in judgment (The Risen Saints). What tho' the Wise Men of the present

time regard it as a vain oriental vision indeed, and tho'—

Men laugh to scorn—but mine eyes shall see it—
Gloat o'er its beauty—feel the Wind of Praise
Sweep round the world like an adjuration
Through Centuries of blessed peaceful days.

Not by men's petty scheming, nor their dreaming,
Their nostrums, nor their workings shall it be—
But solely as the Work of THE REDEEMER—
Standing beside The Risen Saints, shall see.
For there shall come a day of bitter wailing—
And Christian men their helplessness confess—
And Christian pride shall cry in its confusion—
In CHRIST alone the world must find redress!

Then shall THE KING go forth in all HIS splendor—
To matchless Victory—CHRIST—and HE alone
Who can smite evil to a fell confounding—
With Right to rule a PRIEST upon HIS Throne.
Then evermore be rent the Devil's fable
That men were sent to conquer in CHRIST'S place—
And by the Gospel bring all tribes and nations
Into a state of Holiness and Grace.

The Devil's lie—that made men proud and Boastful,
Aye, men believed the fable as GOD'S own,
But they at last their impotence confessing
See HIM alone—THE VICTOR ON HIS THRONE.

O Blessed morn that breaks upon a world
Pure as the Lily—fairer than the Rose—
Without a single jar, nor lamentation
To mar the music of GOD'S Great Repose.

The mountain droppeth fatness—and the vale
Laughs with the happy tollings of free men—
The World has not one spot of desolation—
And not a whisper nor a sense of sin.

Humanity enjoys its modes from Labor—
Want is unknown, and sorrow hath no voice,
The Widow, and the Orphan, and the Stranger,
No time for weeping—for all hearts rejoice.
JEHOVAH—JESUS, SITTETH KING FOREVER—
And every Nation brings its special Song—
The Nations that before had slain each other
Clasp hands as Brothers in that Praising throng.

PRELUDE.

THE CRY OF THE WEST TO THE EAST.

This the grim cry that surely yet shall be:
"O East! We of the West, have come to thee—
Throw wide the purple curtains of thy tent
From burning questions give us dull content;
Kill us the fatted calf our fathers spurned—
Their wiser children have at last returned;
Take all our vaunted Glory and grim Powers
And for a little let thy scented couch be ours.
Oh, give us of thy music and its charms!
Oh, put around our necks thy luscious arms!
And make our eyes lascivious with thy kiss—
Oh, let us dream of perfect Happiness—
Our heads upon thy bosom—there to rest
To feel delicious movings of thy breast,
Draw round our eyes the midnight of thy hair
So in its meshes to shut out despair;
And only raise our heads to give us wine
Long kept for many years, a draught divine
Maddening the cooling passions of our veins—
Fling to unbridled Passion unchecked reins—
And teach us secrets that our fathers held
Abominations in the years of eld!
Give us Your Gods and teach our knees to bend
To The Great Mother!—to the human's friend—
Who asks no prayers, nor vigils, not inspired
By Pleasure's throbbings! Long have we desired
A Mother God! who by her gladsome rite
Only makes prayer a revel of Delight—
The Dance an Ecstacy—the song of glee—
The rustling wings of sweetest minstrelsy!

We have forsaken all our ancient Gods!
Long hath the West felt the keen lash of rods
Making life bitter!—Ah! so drear our days
With nasal twanging of a dismal praise
Which now fills soul with loathing of The Thing;

Lo, now the pallid Christ a dethroned King!
No longer with torn feet we follow from afar
The misty Light of Bethlehemitish Star!
Lo, see we trample 'neath our miry feet
The Christ—men tryed to think was very sweet—
His emblems be accursed!

Ah! we have fought
Long bitter years against the growing thought
That Science whispered in our heart and brain,
Making the long years frantic in our pain
Of holding to His teachings—we would fain
Hope against Hope that it was not in vain!
We piled upon His altars all held dear—
Stood in wildest darkness—shivering fear
A costly garment, purchased at such cost
Of Blood and Treasure—now Faith is Lost
And evermore a mockery of Hope!
To cut this Great Hope—was as cutting rope
To which we swung suspended in the air—
Above true footing—and below—Despair!
But now with Science we have held our tryst—
See now, Behold, we trample on The Christ!
And set on fire the stately Houses built
For many Centuries with Blood and Guilt!
Think you it cost us nothing thus to rend
Our thought all from Him—He we deemed our Friend
In Life—in Death—and who would surely light
Our footsteps from the Everlasting night?

But Science whispered—and her voice we heed—
We stand Apostates! Glory in the deed!
And are prepared to follow thee to shrine
Our fathers in far ages deemed Divine—
And were such fools to throw behind their back—
Then facing Westward on that awful track
With every footprint marked by blood and bone—
Sacrifices—Lamentations—and deep moan—
Building their cities where the North winds blew,
And icicles were formed when fell the dew
On their pale flowers—the jagged, barren plains
Which yielded little harvest for their pains;
They hissed at all your Gods and went their way
Amid the forest fastnesses to pray—
At last gave honor to an Outcast Jew!
He, whose own brothers—all despising—slew,
Giving his flesh unto the carrion birds!
Our fathers sang they loved Him in great words,
They sang His praises, and they bent the knee
In childish Hope and wild expectancy—
They laid upon His altars everywhere
Their pleasures, and their riches, till the air
Was murky with sweet incense—and their tears
Would make an ocean in the many years
They crucified their pleasures at His feet!
Bringing all human happiness held sweet—
The laugh of childhood—and wild throb of youth
When to the budding bosom came the truth
Of Nature's keenest madness of Delight—
But such, our fathers crushed and from their sight
They put the taber, lute, and luscious sound—
Which make the living pulses leap and bound
In manhood's brain—they made their women go
In sackcloth clad—with looks of pious woe—
Whenever more the bubble of the heart

Would with wild longing tear the weeds apart
And catch a partner in a wanton grace,
And with wild laughter on seductive face,
Dance to the nod of roses in their glee—
Where singing birds made a glad melody!

But our stern fathers frowned on laughing face,
Banished for ages winsomeness and grace,
Toiling and working with Titanic Power,
From Cradle to the Grave was every hour
Full of fresh Labor—and as heart must seek
For some strange worship if not women's cheek,
Our fathers held the Gold Piece to our eyes
Till it grew luminous—and filled our skies
With its metalic splendor—until men
Grew devilish and cunning such to win!
So Youth, and Manhood, and Old Age went mad
To grasp possessions—greediest those who had
A store above the common—until Christ at last
Grew dim and dimmer (with his suffering past)
Outdistanced by this Gold God—and was past
With sullen sneering—by the men who cast
Their spital on the Christ—They once deemed sweet—
Now in the rushing thunder of their feet
Were swiftest in their madness to get Gold.

So when the Priests saw Manhood growing cold
To churchly duties, they gave bitter cry,
Throwing their arms in antics wild on high,
And sought to win our women by their prayer;
But as our women knew they were most fair
With silk, and lace, and flashing of bright stones,
They hesitated—awed a minute by the moans
Of a crushed Priest—but, ah, the costly lace
Would give such sunshine to a blushing face—

They listened to the wild throb in the breast,
They thought that nature surely knew the best—
And they, like us—the men of iron will—
No longer would keep vigil where the still
And silent Christ would never give a sign
He heard our prayers, nor show He was Divine!
He never once gave answer to our tears—
He kept His mouth shut near two thousand years
And would not give a word to all our moans—
Surely the Syrian rocks had his Bones
And gave not back their keeping on the day
The Priests said—"Angels rolled the stone away!"

We fain would have believed Him—and we cried
To Priest and Heaven—but evermore denied
Of any answer—silent Earth and Sky
Of any Christ to answer to our cry!
Then came our madness—nay! but our relief—
We tore us from our hearts The Christ belief—
The Christ who made the future horrible
With everlasting burnings in His hell!
We dared Him and His Angels to bring forth
His crushing thunders—aye, we made wild sport
Of His grand churches—setting them ablaze!

But will that compensate for all the days
We have neglected pleasure—can we bring
Again the Youth forever taken wing?
The Grave is near us—and Oblivion soon
Will chill the blood and hush the merry tune—
O Let us then a moment e'er we glide
Pale Ghostly shadows on destruction's tide
Feel of the pleasures—you so long have felt,
And at your feet we pour down all our wealth!
Lo! now so Hungry with our dreary fast—

We the Dead Christ to bats and owls have cast—
We come from Christian misery and tears
Weary and very hungry from wan years
Standing in darkness of The Christian's Night!
Lo! we have come to thee for pleasant Light
For feasting and for music—stretch thy hand
And lead us--footsore travelers—to the land
Where Earthly Pleasures blossom to their prime—
And in thy arms forget Christ's bondage time.

THE LADY OF NATIONS.

Lo! the Reeds in the River cry
For the glories that have passed by,
When a City in Golden pride
Flashed its lights on Euphrates' tide.
Lo! the Reeds in the River cry
Where wild Ruins to Ruins sigh—
But they yet shall lift up their head
And all men be astonished!
Tho' the Reeds in the River cry
For the glories that have gone by—
Ah, the Future Glory shall be
Like a wonderful Vision to see!
Ah! the Reeds in the River cry
For their Reaper's hand is anigh—
Lo! THE COMER shall build again
What the praise of all men shall win.

Lo! the Reeds in the River sigh—
And the past like a ghost comes nigh—
Like the fretful shades of a dream—
Vanished Glories all grandly gleam.
Lo, it flashes on God-lit face
Of the early dawn of our Race,
When here by Euphrates' swift tide
Built Nimrod the Tower of his Pride.
Then were men of the Giant mould—
All God-like were they to behold—
Such cunning of hand and of brain—
The earth has not seen such again!
Grand both their conception and skill,

So daring in wish and in will,
Impiously daring in Pride—
Cast all thought of High Heaven aside!
One may in their lineaments trace
A vanishing glory and grace—
Once glory and pride in our race—
When God spoke to man face to face!

Lo, a dream came to Nimrod's brain,
The lust and the wishing to reign—
Impiously daring to sin,
Not man—but as God would he win!
Ah, surely The Tempter had smiled
At the daring wish of his child,
And men in his thrall were once more
When they bowed on knee to adore!
Nimrod loving the lust of his heart
Had caused by the subtle of art
His face on all standards to blaze,
That men may behold it and praise.
And to fetter the heart and enthrall
Made his wife—the Mother of All—
Be worshiped with many a rite,
That blushingly dark made the night!
So trampling the thought of all shame
Set passions of men all aflame
With lewd desire—like a beast,
Unrestrained to wallow and feast!
And scorning the folds of a tent
Great Babel arose in its strength,
Foundations deep laid as in guilt—
Imbued with the blood he had spilt;
No wrong he could do was undone
Till pride of his daring was won—
Before God—was none in degree

So daringly wicked as he!
JEHOVAH, they scorned, came down,
And lo, by HIS withering frown
With confusion of tongues they were rent—
Dispelled from their foolish intent;
When one hailed with kindness his brother,
It seemed they were mocking each other—
Till heart of each brother afraid
Shrank back from the other dismayed!
Such fear was upon them—they went
Like arrows in swiftest flight sent
From place of their pride—they were driven
Scattered abroad unforgiven!

But so sharp were the dragon teeth sown—
Like as seed of the thistle down blown
To the uttermost ends of the Earth—
And 'twas thus came Idolatry's Birth!

* * * * * * * * * *

What story is this that the East wind brings?
A stir on the earth—a whirr of wings—
'Twould seem as all men had but one mind—
The way they wrought—the way of the wind!
For, lo, by Euphrates' lordly tide
Stands a stately city—vast and wide—
And under one princely dome is set
The Pagoda, the Cross, and the Minaret!
Had Nimrod's spirit come back again
To rule o'er passions and hate of men?
With more daring will on vaster stage
Act impious works of an earlier age!
The End of the Ages brought a man
Most daring of will and brain to plan,
To grasp an Empire and win a name—
To put all the Empires of Earth to shame!

Lo, He cometh with Panterish tread
To build a home in Grave of the Dead,
How swiftly his clawish hands begin
To build to wonder and praise of men!

And who is He? Say, whence he came?
Tho' Greece may human birth right claim,
Was He alone of mortal birth—
Alone, a very Son of Earth?
No Royal couch his swaddling place,
No Queenly Mother kissed his face,
No ancient line of high degree
Could claim him as a protege.
Perchance a child of love—of shame—
And could he claim a father's name—
"*The vile one*" none may dare to say
The name they called him yesterday.
Yet who was He? Could simple man
Such vast designs and wonders plan?
He found a desert—made a place
The matchless wonder of the Race!
No Princely birth—he simply stood
One of the common Brotherhood!
One of the many millions who
Toiled in the shackles for the few!
Then whence the learning? whence the mind
That seemed no height nor depth confined?
What Gifts divine where on his tongue,
Such songs no other Poet sung!
He came—no armies at his back,
No city feared that he would sack,
No husbandman forsook his field,
No maiden virtue forced to yield,
No vultures—darkness—smoke clad skies—
A terror to the gazer's eyes—

He came from out his humble place
A Blessing to the Human Race!

Never before had the human Race
Worked with such will in an earthly place,
Very Wonder of Wonders to see,
That City blossomed in Majesty!
Lo, toilers building, and not in vain,
Houses sprang up on the empty plain,
Palaces rare in their splendor rose,
Beauty and Art in a grand repose,
Storehouses—dwellings—were multiplied
On either side of Euphrates' tide,
Fair Bridges over its waters ran
The Glory—praise—the wonder of man!
The builders building as men who be
Filled with a builder's ecstacy.
For men were startled at their own powers,
They had not dreamed that a few short hours
Would give to the Earth such city fair,
That none on Earth may with it compare!
Like fabled City it seemed to rise
As a morning mist before their eyes,
A mist that took shape in brick and stone—
That faded not when the bright sun shone!

Lo, the World heard—and believing not
Rushed, that the eyes may behold such spot,
Saw, and believed that a single street
Rang to the tread of a million feet!
A Thing of Wonder o'er all the Earth,
The World rejoiced at Babylon's birth,
Nations rejoiced at so strange a thing—
A Wonder of Human Blossoming!
The World rejoiced with a loud acclaim

As it sprang once more to ancient fame—
Ancient Glory! ah, such words men deem
As empty title—for who could dream
In world of eld—such a place as this—
Compared with Heaven—was it much amiss?

(Heaven! Heaven! what eye has beheld the place?
The thought is a curse to the human race!
This holding of earthly things as vain
In future some misty heaven to gain,—
Prating of Spirit—and spirit rest—
Who hath returned that was such wise blest?
That we can handle, and smell, and see—
The Earth is alone Reality!
What around us but natural things?
No scurrying angels' golden wings—
Come, let the dreaming of Heaven be done—
Living to love 'neath the beautiful sun;
Come, let the dreaming of Heaven be done
Living to laugh in the beautiful sun;
Drink of its wines and rich fleshes taste
Never one moment of Pleasure to waste—
Sound Harpstring—tabert—sweet voices of lute—
Of sounds that are pleasant let not one be mute;
Gay youths and maidens in witcheries dance
Drink to Queen Venus in sighing and glance—
Steep every sense in rapturous pleasure,
Fulfill Desire to its uttermost measure;
Step to the revel with hearts all aflame
Thrilling of Passion and Pleasure to claim!
When eating, drinking, and dancing are o'er
Sweet strains of music lull ears evermore;
Senses all throbbing with rapturous bliss—
Pulsations of Pleasure—the clinging—the kiss—
Pleasure languid sink back on couches of roses,

The spirit still smiling while nature reposes.
Then nature enfeebled by kissing at last
Shall fall asleep smiling at joys that are past:
Sweet sleeping—where waking will come nevermore—
To Ether the spirit returns as before!)

This was a City that knew not night
All men called her: "The City of Light!"
Lo! Science had given electric powers
Magic to conquer the midnight hours,
So where night ended, and day began,
Scarcely was known to the working man;
For light as brilliant as sun at noon
Was free as the air—the light of moon
Dim as a taper to this great blaze
Of Electrical Splendor—the days
Measured no longer by set, nor rise
Of sun, nor moon, in the burning skies,
Builders and Workers at night then wrought
Without giving the change a single thought,
Builders but knowing of changing time
When Labor Bells rang their silvery chime—
Working men banded in great relays,
Toiled on unceasingly nights and days
Building Palace, and Store House, and Hall.

Light, Beautiful Light, was flashed to all
Palace and Hovel—the poorest place
Shone in a splendor of perfect grace,
All on equality surely here—
Light without measure, as free as air!
Harnessed, this glorious light to provide
The rush and sweep of Euphrates' tide—
Surely the toiler must pleasure feel
When Public Taxed for the poor man's weal.

On either side of the lordly tide,
Gay houses stood in palatial pride,
Barbaric splendor, and artist hand,
Made them the wonder of every land.
One held his breath as he entered in—
Splendor—the fancy and eye to win,
Where e'er one turned a wondering face
He reveled in Beauty, Art and Grace;
Such Gardens luxuriant in every sense,
Where one may stray in a glad suspense
Of what fresh glory may catch the eye
Of this green heaven of cloudless sky;
A world of flowers the feet to bless,
Flowers of surpassing loveliness,
And the rarest trees of the tropic span
Budded and blushed to gaze of man;
Water leaped up in the brilliant light
From lips of a Pan, and Aphrodite—
Wrought by the cunning in bronze and stone—
Such marvels would grace e'en Jove's own throne.

The Public Gardens were more than fair—
A costly splendor was everywhere—
Beauty thrown down with a fine disdain
As the giver had held a princedom vain.
Flowers—such Flowers! until the eyes
Cared not to look to far Paradise,
This—a heaven surpassingly grand—
With flowers and fruit for the plucker's hand.
Lo, every hour of the day and night
Those gardens were filled with life and light,
The dance went on to the string and lute,
The rarest music was never mute,
The cunning artist from every land
Choice in their singing, and deft of hand,

Flocked to this city—for welcome here,
The godliest gifts for musician rare.
For out of the Public purse there roll'd
A generous stream of yellow gold,
And thus most magical gifts were won
For Rich and for Poor of Babylon.
From glaring sun was the palm tree shade
Where Loves may wander of naught afraid—
Flowers at their feet—and ripe fruit around—
The ears enraptured with rarest sound—
Murmuring waters and sylvan shade—
Arbor of flowers for the youth and maid—
Rarest of mosses for slumbers light
When they had kissed to the Aphrodite.

Richest City beneath the sun—
Not a hungry soul in Babylon,
For he whose hand could not win him bread
Was out of the Public largess fed.
Work—there was plenty of work to do—
Why the million fingers were far too few
So much to be done—so short the day—
Mechanics held undisputed sway.
So many eager to shape and build—
So many anxious to paint and guild—
The cost not counted as wont of old—
The poor man laughed at this rush of gold
The old time cunning entirely lost—
There was no pausing to count the cost,
Each one intent of his own fell way
With never thought of reckoning day;
Plenty of gold for the wildest schemes—
Plenty of gold for utopian dreams—
Lenders more anxious than e'er before
There seemed no end to the golden store!

None of your baser metals—pure gold
In rivulets ran—in broad streams roll'd—
Where Babylon's jeweled chalice may be—
A turbulent, shimmering, yellow sea.
Success it smiled upon every one
Happy the dweller in Babylon
Plenty and Pleasure wed hand with hand
Made it the wonder of every land.

O Lady of Nations! Greed of gain
Is bringing thy children back again,
They feel in their breasts the magic power—
And come to suck at thy golden flower!
They come as hordes of the locusts come—
The world resounds with thy busy hum
Of driving wheels—for the master hand
Has electric needles in every land!
O wondrous Light of a wondrous land!
What harvests wave for the reaper's hand!
For little sowing such luscious crop
What gold from the lily fingers drop!
Lo, see mid the purple folds on high
His golden "Ephah" enchants the eye—
For this shall the sign of his glory be
O'er every land to the uttermost sea!

Lo, now to the sleepy Arab's eyes
Loom funneled ships of gigantic size,
And lo, on the quay the craftsman's hand
Piles up the treasures of distant land.
Ah, one may read on the sacred page
The richest gathered in this last age.
Fulfil'd to the letter in everything
That the trading heart of the Nation's bring.
Here where the tides of the nations meet

Strange faces are seen on every street,
They meet as never they've met before,
Like chips wave washed from every shore.
The Dream of Earth's Dreamers now is true—
Here mingle nations of every hue—
Commerce hath won where Religion fail'd—
The Love of Wealth has o'er all prevailed!
For here as one common brotherhood,
Where each man may trade for his own good,
Where each may worship as he may will
In heart of hearts—but the tongue be still—
Never should fall on the listening ear
Religious word that one would not hear,
For none may in hatred here dispute
Of that Unknowable Thing—The Truth!

To Commerce they built a splendid place
Of Grand design—of a matchless grace—
A very wonder of art to see
Fantastic—Massive—Reality!
An Ideal Place where all may bring—
Each of his art an offering
Displaying what brain had power to plan
The Wonder—Glory, and Praise of Man!
An Ideal place where each may bring
Of his grateful heart an offering,
Whatever the craftsman's hands had wrought
Was now displayed as a crowning thought.

Splendor Barbaric—a Golden shrine
That poetic license may call divine,
Man worshiping man in songs of praise
For Glories that man alone could raise!
An Ideal Place where all may come
To sound of the trumpet, fife and drum,

With all dulcet sounds of art and voice,
Where gladden'd hearts may so well rejoice.
They made an Image of wondrous Grace
To be the Queen of this Golden Place—
Goddess of all—a wonder of art
Charming the eye, enchanting the heart,
A woman's face—where the jewels rare
Flashed, as a golden sun was there!
A poetic Thought—a sweet pretense—
They worshiped her not in any sense—
They held as a link this golden shrine—
The Human wedded to the Divine!
An object lesson to human eyes—
Like a maiden pure—a glad surprise
That ever the hand of man could bring
Such beauty fair to his fashioning!
Exquisite Image that seemed to be
A Living, breathing reality!
Ah, surely the praise that such could win
Should not be held as a thought of sin!
When Mariner came from o'er the sea
Here with thankful heart he bent the knee,

The Husbandman with his sheaves of wheat
And purple grapes to lay at her feet,
The trader came who had won great gain,
(A King may not hold such offerings vain)
The best designs of the wondrous loom,
Rare, costly spices of rich perfume,
None came but with offerings bent the knee—
For her sweet name was Prosperity!
Ah, these subtle Greeks were wondrous wise
When they pictured passions to the eyes,
For only Embodiment of Thought
Were the wondrous works their fingers wrought.

So one by one where the Greek Gods brought
Arrayed in the dress of modern thought,
Till filled were the Halls of the pantheon—
You counted the Gods and missed not one!

How can Finite grasp the Infinite?
Invisible flash to human sight?
But Image each Passion of the Soul
Then the mind can grasp a wondrous whole!
So e'er men knew it this Aphrodite
Leaped up an image of Life and Light;
Garlanded with flowers the nude maids came
All lost to the thought or sense of shame,
A Poetic Thought that some deplore
When nude girls dance on the marble floor,
And behind where the shimmering curtains be
Are the gilded Halls of Debauchery!

Now Commerce stood supreme indeed
O'er every sect, or cult, or creed,
Sacred the right it deemed its own—
Triumphantly it stood alone
O'er all rights Human or Divine!
Humanity did here resign
Its wealth—its power—its everything—
Commerce the Universal King!
All recognized its one great aim
Was not for Glory, nor for Fame,
Was not for Empire, nor for Blood,
But solely for the Common Good!
Utility the aim, the Trend,
All worked for this one Glorious End—
The one sole object in its mind
The betterment of Human Kind,
To make the good things of the earth

The Common Blessings—so that mirth
At every human heart would sing—
And banish want and suffering.

Therefore to bless all human needs
The elements of Jarring Creeds
Unlawful in this City grand
In fact o'er all Chaldee's land
All churches banished—so that man
May carry out the new born plan—
That Human Brotherhood may be
Religion of Humanity!
Too long had jarring creeds destroyed—
Too long had jarring creeds made void
The Blessed Gospel of Men's Rights—
For centuries the doleful sights
Of murder, rapine, plunder, strife,
Had crushed the Universal Life,
Making men Bigots, Slaves, and Fools
Of Priests and Priestcraft—various schools
And each more savage in its cult
To blast, and blight, and to insult
The Human—till its back was sore
With cruel burdens that it bore.
It was the Churches' cruel aim
To put humanity to shame,
Make men decrepit in their aims,
Filling the world with faggot flames
If some strong soul gave forth a cry,
Or made protest—the cruel eye
Laughed at grim tortures made for those
Who would not slaves in Church repose,
But dared to lift proud free men's hands
'Gainst the corruptions in all lands.
Tortures that only fiendish brains,

Or Christ's—could shape to hold in chains
The Human soul in bands and bounds
To masses, crosses—empty sounds
Of Hell and Heaven—and such vain things
That aided Czars, and Priests, and Kings,
To press the Human 'neath the heel,
Aided by powder, ball and steel,
Surely indeed if such Christ's friends,
And if he blessed their fatal ends,
'Twere time the Human spat at him—
In fancy tear him limb from limb!
Trample his sign beneath their feet,
And fain again would they complete
His former crucifying—dare
His boasted Godhead—ask to share
The curse that fell upon the head
Of Israel when his blood was shed!
Yes, with the Roman soldiers rail—
With scorpion rods his back assail—
With spitting—laughter would they hail—
Scourge him until a bloody trail
Would mark each footstep—drive the nail
Unto his quivering flesh—and say:
"Humanity is free today!"

And so with daring and fell pride
This Prince cast the Divine aside,
And preaching of a loftier hope
A wider field—unbounded scope—
For human purposes and aims—
To broaden knowledge—wider claims
To give Humanity its chance—
To cast aside the spear and lance
The gatling gun—repeating rife—
All the cursed emblems born of strife

Banished from land where peace should be
The watchword of Humanity!
The Common Good, and that alone,
From Pauper's hut to Prince's throne
The cry of every heart—then man
Would shape the true redemptive plan,
Lifting Humanity to heights
Not dreamed by Poets' loftiest flights
Of rhapsody—till man was made
A Godlike thing, and not afraid
Of Hell nor Heaven—but stood complete
A very God on his own feet!
For not a holier thing may be
More Godlike—than Humanity!

The Chamber of Commerce—A stately pile
Where Bronzes and Marbles in sculpture smile—
Carvings magnificent—with pictures rare—
A lavish expenditure everywhere.
In the large saloon where the Traders met
Once seen by eye—one could never forget—
But not its gorgeously sculptured art
That held the eye, and enchained the heart;
To one who stood in high gallery
And downward looked on the shouting sea—
'Twas the noise, the rush on that vast floor—
Rang the Bear's harsh cry—and Bull's mad roar—
Where Brokers in very babal stand—
Where fortunes changed by uplifted hand—
A lifted finger—A nodded head—
In acceptance oft not one word said—
Closed a quick trade of volume vast
A fortune staked—in a maelstrom cast
At mercy of cliques—and corners made
By Ishmalites of Commercial Trade.

This room was the centre of all Earth's trade—
Here were the value of all things made—
Here set the price upon everything
Owned by a pauper, or held by a King—
Here was the throbbing Commercial heart,
The rounded world to uttermost part
Felt the pulsation of fall and rise,
Its quotations watched by all traders' eyes—
Wherever they stood they counted cost
How Babylons' market held or lost.
On every purchase the trade was done
At price such would sell in Babylon.
So the City on the Euphrates' tide
Again held a power that was world wide
Till hardly a creature on the earth
But here was centered its woe or mirth—
For every toiler of grim, brown hand,
Tho' across the sea in distant land,
Soon found that wages made low or high—
By click of a wire—in vain the cry
Of praise or anger—'twas all the same—
Till they came to fear that awful name—
Her prince was their prince—whose wavy hands
Made famine or plenty o'er all the lands.
Clicking of cables that sent, and brought,
The changing mood of the Trader's thought—
The buying of this—selling of that—
As stocks climbed up—or were falling flat—
Changeful as fever's mad pulses throb—
The wild "Hurrah!"—the surprised wild sob—
As changing figures upon the wall
Hissed to a man: *"You have lost your all!"*

And standing here in high gallery—
Indeed 'twas a strange weird sight to see,

For not a nation beneath the sun
But here could behold a trading Son!
The quickest, keenest, the sharpest brains—
Like wild beasts gathered for spoils and gains—
Each man for himself an Ishmalite—
Tho' oft times in cliques they formed to fight
The common herd—and yet not a man
Whenever he could but dared to plan
And sell out the rest—or the clique betray
Though his brain conceived it yesterday—
For each had a price—and he who payed
Oft bought—but to find himself betrayed!
Some men cool and calm, with face like flint,
But hungry at heart, and fell intent
To entrap the weak and sluggish brain,
To lie, defraud—for getting of grain!
Scarce one believed what the other said
Of stocks or bonds, for the bolder led
The weaker to ruin—"*'Twas fair and square*
Trading was trading—one came not there
Unless he had nerve to give and take
The stab and the thrust for trading sake
For who so foolish as to believe
Tale of a trader—made to deceive"—
For cruel, venomous, grasping Greed
Spawned for herself such a cunning breed
Of devilish spider webs aweaving—
For human loss and fell deceiving;
Men without honor of any kind
Whose fairest words were but said to blind
The foolish trusters.

The common crowd
At such grand success but gasped and bowed—
Hailing such as Leaders—and aped their ways—

Laughed at their cunning, and sang their praise—
Looked on their lying as wondrous wise
If it but netted a golden prize!
Honored them, hailed them—and made them great
At home—abroad—The Pillars of State!
Acknowledged lying belonged to trade
And brain who the "slickest trick" displayed
"To gull his brothers" was great indeed—
The Public to wish and word gave heed—
For such men outside of the Board of Trade
The loftiest, noblest traits displayed—
For public welfare an open purse—
Such free indeed from the rabble's curse—
Hailed by the mob—A Liberal man
So quick to aid in each generous plan
For public pleasure—for public weal!
And what if such man did lie and steal
On the Board of Trade—it was only right
When he had both Bulls and Bears to fight—
Men who were just as savage as he
Should not complain of ferocity.

So debauched by gain was the human mind
Till 'twas hard on the circling earth to find
A protesting voice—e'en the Church gave in—
"*That to gamble on Board of Trade no sin!*"
The Church spread wide lap, and held out her hand,
She begged, and she whined, she would fain command
Greediest trader to give up his gain—
Blessing and Praising her Lord, Trader's brain
Was cunning to plan and bring her such gold—
So CHRIST love in the Christian Church waxed cold!
For the Boys and the Young Men saw forsooth
'Twas of little worth to tell of the truth!
The getting of Gold be the one sole aim—

The getting no matter the how it came—
For the poor despised in this Church of God
While the rich could rule with an iron rod.

So debauched the manhood of every land
Till 'twas hard to find of an honest hand—
The labor of hand despised, now the mind
Must some quicker way to a fortune find—
Until not a Church in the wide, wide Earth
But drank deep of Babylon's joy and mirth—
Greedily drank from her chalice of gain
That poisoned the heart—and maddened the brain—
Churches wallowing—glorying in their shame—
Till Judas Iscariots they all became
More reckless, daring, blasphemingly bold—
And sold CHRIST again for Babylon's gold.

* * * *

For men had lost all faith in God,
They laughed at His chastising rod—
A Heaven—a hell—were but vain thought
By which the crafty Schoolmen sought
To bind men's minds to bigot views,
And fashion them as they may choose.

College and University
Strove with each other as to see
Who would be first in the mad pace
To curse, and blast the human Race!
And the Professor who could be
The baldest in his blasphemy
Had won indeed the laurel bays
The public press all quick to praise!
So scholars strove to pick new flaws
In Prophet's strain—Mosaic laws—
'Till every sentence criticised

With hostile, almost hateful eyes,
And hardly passage but had been
The butt of some Professor's spleen,
And no recorded incident
But some audacious scholar spent
His learning on it—to make void—
And true significance destroyed!

"*We Worship Truth!*" Their constant cry,
But Truth had centered to their eye
What they would have the Truth to be,
Till Truth became a medley
Without beginning—without end—
As Devils only comprehend,
They put their leprous hand of hate
On every page to desecrate,
To purge from passage, and from line,
The trace of any thought Divine.
In fact Professors dared to be
By "Verifying Faculty"
As much inspired as men God chose
Of Eld—His message to disclose.
By inference 'twas plain to see
Their Heart's desire had dared to be
Like as to Christ—if not more wise!
Self luminous in their own eyes;
For grown inflated by their pride
Cast all restraint of God aside,
And deemed *some* Godhead had inspired
The Blasphemy their hearts desired.
Ah 'tis a task impossible
For human tongue in years to tell
The vile things that they did relate—
Professor did not hesitate
To brand whole pages, wilful lies!

Till it became to students' eyes
A book bereft of any Truth,
A book of countless lies in sooth
Framed to deceive in every line—
How foolish to call such Divine!
College and University
Fruits of such teaching soon could see—
They sent a spawn of preachers forth
Who with Clown's grace made ready sport
Of sacred things to make men smile—
Ah, it was but a little while
When people knew such could not bring
A message from Eternal King!
For common men were quick to see
Their words were hollow blasphemy,
Man looked on all they said as lies,
And so GOD'S BOOK to common eyes
Lost all its sacredness—and men
Forgot the awfulness of Sin—
For none with an authority
Could say of what a sin may be!
"A lie's A lie!" no matter where,
And what man can in truth declare
That God would countenance a lie?
If Preachers said, that God on High
Gave such a book—men were not fools
To train in such Germanic schools—
If error on the Sacred page—
If but men spoke in early age
Simply, Reformers of the Race,
And Prophecy had there no place,
Who made it Sacred and Divine?
And who may dare to draw the line
'Twixt truth and error—shall men be
Slaves to the schoolmen's subtility?

And this the ending, that men grew
Hard in their wickedness—withdrew
From any Christian teaching—till
Prince Satan had his daring will
To lead the blind mad souls astray
Who cast the Book of Truth away.
Men Grouped in blindness to The Night,
They looked to Satan for new light,
For when to Christ men ceased to pray
Prince Satan found them easy prey.
And soon upon men's souls there fell
The strong Delusion, spawned of hell,
Men's minds were darkened—men became
But things of loathing and of shame,
As Flames of Hate, Death could not quench,
And to Christ's nostrils but a stench.

Now could the higher Critics see
The fruit borne by their Upas Tree
That shadowing every Holy thing
rought Death in is incircling!

* * *

Babylon's Prince held magician's wand—
His great gifts gave with no niggard hand—
And every morning a new surprise
Made glad his adoring subjects' eyes.
The Glories of Rome, behold, once more!
With splendor that mocked the days of yore—
Such Glories as all the Cæsars made
Sprang to his hand in a short decade!
Bronzes and Marbles—Founts and Flowers—
Parks with Grottoes and Mazzy Bowers—
Baths of Marble with spices and myrrh—
Lo, a splendid Amphitheater!
Flashed Colosseum so fair to see

With walls and columns of porphyry—
Where populace came as well as court—
Lo, free to all was the royal sport!
In vast arena the naked men
Strove bravely the old Greek games to win;
The glittering chariots flashed and sped—
Lo, the Gladiators fought and bled!
The criminals vile, condemned to death,
On the soft white sand in combat met,
And he the last victor in the strife
Had won to himself new lease of life.
Lo, Criminals here had chance to win
The boon of life in a wild beast den—
How the brutal gazers laughed to see
The wild beasts holding high revelry!

Now never a lustful thought of man
Is here restrained by a law or ban—
Ah, Sodom may stand appall'd to see
Infamous depths of Debauchery!
Lo, all day long is the strife for greed
Cheating each other as who would lead,
And through all night long the eyes may see
The City blaze with high revelry!

Thrice accursed Gold! thy lamp of flame
Has put of the noblest hearts to shame—
No matter how won—the holder's hand
Is courted and flattered in every land!
Lo, Thou hast grown in these latter days
A God to worship, that all men praise,
And men are as beasts to grasp at thee,
Deeming Thee source of Felicity!

The Golden City of Babylon
Has more than her mead of Riches won,

Alluring moths to her fatal blaze—
She to all men the desire and praise.
Like serpent fold is the grasping Soul,
Binding each thought in fell control,
And Naboth's vineyard and nothing less
Is central spot of all happiness!
The pulses beat in a feverish way,
Fortunes are made in a single day,
Guess on the Future—tomorrow's sun
Will flash on Palace that guess had won!
A Pauper, an hour or two before
He swept the dust from the princely door,
He risked his wages—at eventide
As master to him were the doors thrown wide.
Aye, men were staggered at such swift things—
With paupers one hour—the next with Kings—
It sent swift shafts unto every brain,
Old maxims treated with proud disdain,
The slow and the sure were thrust aside—
Lo, barebacked with Chance all wished to ride!
A turn of the wheel—and lo, there came
Wealth—that put wealth of Great Kings to shame!
Ah, here was the Golden mile stone set,
Here the converging of highways met,
Earth's highways thronged with the rushing feet,
And all in her fatal circle meet.
And His, aye his, was the princely brain
Who planted seed for such golden grain,
He watered the plants whose leaves would be
A healing for Poor Humanity.
This hub of a wheel whose shafts ran out
To icy North—to the palm clad South—
To East—to West—Lo, the Race poured in
To share her Gold, her folly, her sin!

Came the rich, the poor, the young, the old,
To sell their labor—increase their Gold—
Owned it by Peasant—or held it by King,
Lo, here was a mart for everything!
Alas, alas, the young maidens came
To barter their charms—all dead to shame—
Cherry red lips and lustrous eye—
Who bids the highest?—whose gold will buy?
Alas, what is honor or virtue when
A Bastard honored the first of men!
Honor and Virtue—what myths are they
Darkening the light of the latter day!

* * * * *

When some of Israel came to stand
Once more upon their ancient land,
They feared they may become the prey
Of restless tribes that 'round them lay.
Could they but win some powerful arm
To hold their riches from all harm,
Lo, every heart turned to this One—
The Peaceful Prince of Babylon.
A man whom all the earth revered,
Surely most daring King had fear'd
To hold as foe whom he called friend—
In him their wanderings would end.
So Israel's Elders came to make
A covenant for safety sake,
And he such allies rich to win,
Only too glad to enter in
For seven years The Covenant.
Then Home with joy The Elders went;
Surely all wanderings would cease!
Their sworn Friend—the Prince of Peace!
A great awakening filled the race
And from afar men turned their face

To seek the ancient Home again,
And find a solace from all pain.
Such ample wealth—such cunning brain—
Their land cut East and West in twain,
The gateway for the World's vast trade,
Toll Gate where Nations tribute paid.
Lo, Babylon's most wealthy men
Were surely of their kith and kin,
On whom the Prince could well rely
For aid in prospects vast and high.

Now Palestine no more a place
Of jest book for the Gentile Race,
The land a fruitful garden smiled,
With cities on fair summits piled;
In all the world where was the Race
That held such wealth in such small place?
The Gentile Nations with surprise
Turned to this spot their wondering eyes,
Wonder of Wonders to behold,
For who may count the flood of gold
To builders' hand—to raise once more
A Temple—such ne'er seen before!
And who may tell of that high day
When builder's hand had ceased to play,
And the wide world in praises ring
As High Priest came with offering.

Two thousand years had rolled away
Since last, on the Atonement day,
Before the brazen altar stood
The Great High Priest to sprinkle blood!
Two thousand years! what memories rise
With baleful light before their eyes—
The world had seen them—to despise,

Mocked their death agony and cries!
Had trampled them with mail clad feet
More vile than clay—for dunghill meet!
Spit on, and lashed, and desolate,
Hated to death—yet spite of hate—
They stood at last 'round Zion's hill.
Jew—in the name and nature still!

One surely the most honored guest—
They brought the Godliest and the best
To Honor Him! and in their words
His name was coupled with The Lord's!
The Peaceful Prince of Babylon
Had more than earthly glory won;
And the oblation that they gave
Was not as equal—but as slave;
No nation with such offering
Before had honored any King!
Their orators with cunning phrase
Mingled with Blasphemy their praise!

Lo, was it this awoke within
His breast a brilliant thought of sin—
The Tempter found an instrument
To carry out a fell intent.
For, scarce had fled rejoicing day
When his feet trod the bloody way,
To gain that dizzy height alone—
To sit on Cæsar's vacant Throne!
He found pretext for instant war—
Lo, willing hands came from afar—
Crowned Him with victory most complete
Egypt and Syria at his feet!
And then his heart with haughty pride
Cast foul and fair pretext aside;

No longer Prince of Peace he stood—
But splashed with foe and friendly blood!
Who dare oppose his sovereign will—
His sword was swift to smite and kill;
His words were sweet—but held as light
As thistle-down in his own sight;
His promises none dare believe,
His words of friendship none receive;
They were but given as baits to bring
His victims to this wily King!
The World arose and hailed him great—
Ambassadors around him wait—
And Europe swift her gifts to bring
To this Imperial Conquering King!

But here's not ours to chronicle
How nations who opposed him fell—
When Egypt, Syria, Greece was won,
He homeward turned to Babylon!

* * * * * *

One day to Babylon's market Place
Came Beautiful Youth with ruddy face,
Proclaimed his mission with wondrous sign—
His words were as draughts of fiery wine.
Whence came The Thought?—at first confined
Alone to the fiery zealot's mind
A darling wish that the heart conceived—
Had wished—had loved—and at last believed.
As draughts of wine to the listening brain
They heard not the soft, sweet words in vain,
As leaves are Shivered on summer tree
He stirred the hearts of the human sea!
This was the message The Prophet brought:
How could the brain that such wonder wrought
In Art, in War—be simply a man.

Could human brain all this Glory plan?
Nay, nay, how plainly the eye must see
Their Prince—not man—but, Deity!
No man could do what his hand had done—
If there were Gods—He indeed the Son!
Come let them then sacrifice and see
If he were man—or The Deity!
Prepare the altar, and oxen bring,
Themselves to prepare the offering.
Lo, at the mention of This God's name,
He would bring from heaven the licking flame
To burn huge oxen, and surely show
A God was living with men below!
Yea, their own hand should prepare the rite
Open and plain before human sight;
Scientists watch that no fraud may bring
A hidden fire to the offering!

Hark! what is this on Babylon's ear,
Rising swiftly, distinct and clear,
In Palace and Hovel—from every side—
A thousand voices have multiplied?
Who are the Criers? Aye, Christians all,
Not lingering long where their feet may fall,
Hurrying on as swift runners go
Who bring a terrible message of woe:

"Woe to the one who in him believes!
Woe to the soul who his mark receives!
Anguish and sorrow shall surely be
His Portion on Earth—in Eternity!"

Men shrugged their shoulders when first it fell;
"A fanatic craze—a bagatelle!"
A cry for sneering, and laugh, and jest—

The day past by and there was no rest!
For through all night long the Criers' feet
Sounded in crowded and silent street—
Startled men up from the needed sleep—
Shrill in the Hall where wild revels sweep—
Till men grew savage as death to hear;
Lo, public clamor rose sharp and clear,
Then shrieked the women and frenzied men:
"To the Guillotine! To the Lion's den!"
Lo, e'er the rising of morning sun
Not an ear but heard it in Babylon—
Old age, and manhood, and children young,
This message of woe from many a tongue!
In home all squalid, in stately hall,
(Where never the sound of woe may fall),
In Halls of Commerce—in counting rooms—
In Halls of Revels—in place of tombs—
It startled the merchant in his sharp trade—
It made the thief in his act afraid—
The singer's song in his throat had died—
The Courtesan dashed her price aside—
The Priest at the altar trembling shook—
The Reader looked up from enthralling book—
Beauty shrank back from reflecting glass—
Men shrank from the criers and let them pass!
Down at the Quay—where the great ships lay—
White wings coming and going away—
When men of all nations come and go,
The Criers came with the Cry of Woe!
Each man looked up, for in mother tongue
On each man's ear the fell words rung;
The Criers were many, and not one race
But saw of his own in some Crier's face!

Woe to the one who in him believes!
Woe to the soul who his mark receives;
Anguish and sorrow shall surely be
His portion on Earth—in Eternity!

That day the arena sands were red—
The wild beasts on flesh of Criers fed—
Till gorged with blood down to slumber lay
Where Remnant of Criers huddled to pray!
No Criers that night in Babylon—
Her ghastly deed had a silence won!
But she was ablaze with high revelry—
Won her highest mark in Debauchery!
A fever pulse was in every brain—
Unbridled Passions unchecked by rein—
More like beasts and devils than human men.
In open, lascivious, debasing sin—
And women—Sweet Pity—ah, women fair,
Disrobed of all womanly thought were there!

Lo, of a sudden a change was wrought
In Atheist's sneer—and scoffer's thought.
'Twould seem as a hiding veil were rent
Displaying Kingdom of vast extent—
Signs unmistakable everywhere
Of Beings crowding the upper air —
More swift than the wind—a myriad band—
Locust Host o'er that beautiful land.
They darkened not the beautiful light,
They hovered not mist like before the sight,
But all men knew they were surely there
Making the earth and the air their lair.
Men felt in this strange eventful hour
As at their side stood an outer power
Pleading so tenderly: *"Let me in*
And thou by me shall all blessings win."

Men willing a new power to obtain,
Winning o'er others some earthly gain,
Paused not to question if this were sin
But let the unclothed creatures in!
Men shuddered first when this unclad thing
Entered their flesh for a covering,
But the piping voice so full of cheer
Soon gave them pleasure and banished fear;
Men's powers were quicken'd—their senses grew
To a keener point—somehow they knew
Of things they had never known before
Of worldly knowledge, and mystic lore;
Their minds grew passive to this fell Guest
Who inspired the thoughts within their breast,
And ofttimes their hands stretched out to do
Some act that their inborn sense would rue.
Men's minds grew passive—without intent
The body became an instrument
To act the abider's wish and need—
To blindly follow where it may lead!
It seemed on a higher plane to lift
That men rejoiced at this new found gift—
Men's powers were quickened to comprehend
And point their acts to a quicker end—
They bent men's souls to a narrow ring
Making more selfish in everything—
Giving the passions a fuller sway—
Making more reckless each passing day—
The glory of self—the selfish end—
Betraying if needs the dearest friend—
The baser passions had stronger flame
In gratification knew no shame.
Defiant of Law—a reckless thought
That never a higher motive sought
Than fleshly pleasure—and that more base

Than known before to the human race!
Honesty! Truth!—they were myths indeed
Of which human souls had no way need,
And yet a pleasant face and a smile
Clothed the heart that was full of guile.

Tho' on other subjects differing
All these Guests agreed on one fell thing—
And in this, their highest joy was won,
The praise of the God of Babylon!

The Prophet's words fell on fruitful place
Tho' varied indeed the tribe and race
That heard of his message—one and all
Ready to Hail! and worshiping fall.
And this fell union did only bind
The many millions—where may one mind

In any city beneath the sun
Rule every mind as in Babylon;
So the Prophet's words were quick to win—
The thought was pleasant, it suited men
To have a God who would pleasure give—
Living Himself as they would live.

Lo, an old vision comes back again—
An image stands upon Dura's plain!
Around it flowing a living sea
Of watching, waiting humanity.
Famed Scientists there to watch and tell
If this would indeed be miracle,
Men who for knowledge all men applaud,
Keen to scrutinize trick and fraud.
An altar is garnished—the oxen stand
Ready for Death at the Priestly hand—

THE CITY OF THE ANTI-CHRIST.

Waiting are all for the Prophet's sign
To prove their Prince was indeed Divine!
The sign is given—the oxen bled—
The altar with warm flesh is fed—
Men are all silent with bated breath—
Standing as Imáges carved in Death.
Lo, there the Prophet all grandly stands,
Lifts to the Image his outstretched hands,
Prays to the Image to give a sign
To waiting world of a Prince Divine!

Lo! of a sudden on altar came
Tongues of living and forked flame!
Its pathway from heaven each eye could trace
Devouring the flesh on the altar place!
Full in sight of the watching crowd—
Who in prayer and adoration bowed!
Their Prince was God!—now none dare dispute—
Clear to each eye was the living truth—
No longer as Prince—but as God his sway—
Before his image they knelt to pray!

Now were his images multiplied
Of Gold and Silver—on every side,
Odorous Incense the worshipers bring—
His praises white robed acolytes sing.
Hands of Engravers were cunning to trace
On rings and diamonds his glory of face.
Pins, amulets, charms in tribute were laid—
On breasts, in ears, on the fingers display'd.

Homeward again came The God of their praise—
To give him welcome all hearts were ablaze!
Lavish and costly the gifts men brought
To Glorify—honor the only thought!

Sculptors and Artists of world wide fame
Here as coworkers all gladly came,
Worked with a cunning and gladness of heart—
Made him an arch of most marvelous art,
Arch of all arches—his story portray'd—
Pure gold with diamonds and jewels inlaid—
The flood of its glory a brilliancy won
Sparkling and rivaling the light of the sun.
Ah, 'twas a gladsome and glorious day
Business was banished—pleasure held sway—
The Prince, the beggar—all went to see—
To greet with praises their Deity!
And not a dwelling however poor
But had his image above the door,
And shrine where tapers and incense burned;
In streets, high altars, where e'er one turned;
Festoons of drapery everywhere—
Lo, silken flags to gladden the air—
With cannons booming—with music gay—
With millions lining the coming way.

Lo, every Nation under the sun
Ambassadors sent to Babylon,
To show their respects, and presents bring,
To honor the Babylonish King!

The Prophet went with a priestly throng
To welcome him home with praise and song.
Trumpets blowing—and cymbals clashing—
White robes radiant with diamonds flashing—
To meet him outside the city gate,
Where altars were raised in grandly state—
Where oxen, white as the driven snow,
Flower decked were waiting the priestly blow.
Lo, in the distance with martial tread—

A thousand banners above the head—
His mail clad host with glad music came—
Chanting glad songs of his glorious fame!
Grand Trophies bringing of glorious war—
Chained men and women of lands afar—
Kings captive bound as in olden days
Adding their tribute to martial praise!

Lo, when he came where the altars stood
A thousand knives drank the oxen's blood,
Lo, altars piled where the wild fires rise
To their God—a fitting Sacrifice!
The Prophet hailed him as Lord and God!
Down in the dust where their feet had trod
Bent every face—till he stood alone—
Their Lord and God on resplendent throne!
Worshiped him there as their God divine,
With many a rite and wondrous sign.

Onward, the populace still to greet—
Triumphant rode through the festooned street—
Troops of fair maidens his praises sing,
Their hair as their only covering,
Fair naked women that knew no shame
Rose strewing the way where his horses came!
Where e'er he came the adoring crowd
Fell on their faces praying aloud;
Behind him thronging with loud acclaim
Priests and multitudes singing his Fame!
'Mid salvos of cannon and rockets blaze—
'Mid thunderous shouting of human praise—
In the Palace of gold and porphyry trod—
Proud Babylon's King as Babylon's God!

Now openly to human ears,
A Doctrine that for many years

Lay in his heart he did profess—
Prince Satan's power he did confess
With wondrous oratory—he told
Of secret things—and waxen bold:
Proclaimed Jehovah was man's foe
That every blessing here below
Came from Prince Satan.
Once, alone,
Stood Satan at Jehovah's throne
And told him to his cruel face
He should not crush the human race!
In the beginning of all time
Jehovah by his daring crime
Usurped o'er all a despot's sway—
For in the olden, golden day
The Gods were many—they were kind—
And only had it in their mind
To bless Humanity—till he,
Vindictive Jah, conspired to be
The Lord of all and fain would bend
All of the Gods to his fell trend!
But Satan, loving justice, rose
This cruel monster to oppose,
And fought him single handed there
With grim defiance—aye, despair—
For all were with Jah—treachery
Alas! had won the victory!
Satan from heights of Heaven was thrown
An outcast God—and all alone.
But soon angelic Hosts, dismayed
At the vile wrath that Jah displayed
In all his rulings, took affright—
Some bowed all servile—some took flight
To own the one they knew was right—
Prince Satan! Harbinger of Light.

For ages rolled the battle—man,
The prize that either wished. Jah's plan,
To rule by fear, and sent a Son
Upon the earth to tell the race
That Earth, a miserable place,
False and deceiving to the eyes,
And verily in upper skies
Where happiness alone could be
To sinful, lost Humanity!
That Human pleasure but a snare—
That Woman's breasts, and eyes, and hair,
Were lustful pitfalls—where the feet
Would surely swift destruction meet,
Who wished for such had no escape,
That Hell was standing wide agape
Where everlasting fires would burn
And they as wretched worms would turn!
All human passions, lust and filth,
To such enjoy a heinous guilt,
That love for Human kind was base
That better far the human race
Should crush desire, the will, the mind,
And in hope of far Heaven to find
A perfect Happiness.

The Jews
His ghastly doctrine did refuse—
For he would fill the world with woe—
Make charnal house of all below—
And so thought best to end a life
That would engender Hate and Strife!
The Jews were wise—and justice laid
Its hands on him—cried undismayed:
"His Blood Be On Us!"

Righteousness
To slay such one and nothing less!
A Holy action none denied—
When Liar Christ was crucified!

But Jah was not to be denied
Tho' on the cross his servant died—
A deeper plot sprang to his brain
That his Christ should not die in vain,
But by his subtility and power
Proclaimed this was victorious hour,
That Christ was victor o'er the grave,
So that in future he could save
Whoe'er believed in him!
In Hatred, and in vengeance grim,
He preached a bitterness and woe
O'er all the earth—all joy made void—
The Happiness of Earth destroyed!
Lo! misery triumphant strode
Wherever man made his abode
And let the Cross fly o'er his head!
With fears all human hearts were fed
For bitter, bitter, weary days,
Wherever Priests the dead Christ praise!
The tyrant Jah upon his throne—
The murderer of men—alone
Looks down upon the world to gloat—
(With a grim laugh within his throat)
On human misery—their pains
And the fell rattle of their chains
To him all music—he would crush
A million, as one would a rush,
To gratify a passing whim!
For the vast world is but to him
A stage of ghastly tragedy.

He looks with leering laugh to see
If one is happy—then he sends
Some Harpie to perform base ends,
Turning the laugh to bitter cry—
He watches all with cruel eye
To blast, to rend, to devastate,
He shows an everlasting hate
To Human Happiness—Destroys
The prattling babe—the girls—the boys—
Thrusts youth beneath the coffin lid—
'Neath grave clods fairest faces hid—
The Bridegroom laughs at blushing Bride
E'er touches lips—they're dashed aside—
And where the Lute and Harp should ring
There is the shriek of suffering!
Lo! now for near six thousand years
The world is rent with maddening fears—
Dread, Death, and Devastation vast,
Black shadows on the world have cast.

If Jah loved men—why is it so?
Decay, Destruction, Death and Woe—
Where Horrors on grim Horrors tread—
Grief unabashed lifts up its head
And shrieks its hatred in men's ears—
Why this for near six thousand years?
When Jah could wipe such all away
In the brief sunshine of a day,
And fill the world with joy and mirth—
And this a happy laughing Earth.

Simply—because he hates the race!
Fain would he crush, blast and efface
In fell destruction and disgrace
The light and joy from human face!

But ever friend—true friend to men,
Prince Satan dared the fight to win,
For centuries he waged the strife
To give to men immortal life,
To alleviate all human woes,
To crush the thorn and plant the rose,
To break the whip, and chain, and stave,
Give wine the thirsty lips to lave,
To give the human passion space—
Enjoy a kiss—and lovely face—
Give juicy meat instead of crust—
Proclaim to man it was not lust
To dream of women—and to kiss
With lips of fire—and not a miss
To drink pressed grapes inspiring draught—
That all earth's passions could be quaffed
Without the gruesome thought that hate
For that would blast and desolate.

And Lo! such fighting not in vain,
The Angels in Jehovah's train
Grow weary of his ghastly reign—
Sick of men's misery and pain—
Each year desert him—until he
Soon will decrepit Tyrant be
Minus of Power—where years before
The millions his fell Banner bore
Now a grim silence settling down.
He knows that soon the Victor's crown
Shall rest on Kingly Satan's head—
That Satan the maligned shall be
Adored by all Humanity!
That men shall see with wild surprise—
The mists of ages from their eyes
Roll as a fog from sunlit sea,

Then with wild rapture shall they see
Prince Satan King—alone supreme!
And olden superstitious dream
Writ in the book but wilful lies
So that the human may despise
Prince Satan. He their friend alone
Who dared Jehovah on his throne!
Prince Satan in a little time
Shall win his purposes sublime
And will drive Jah from his higher place
And banish unto outer space—
Then Satan shall reveal his face
In blessing to the Human Race.

And quickly men believed the lie,
Each with the other did outvie
As who most costly gift would bring
To honor Satan as their King.
From their munificence there rose
A place where Satan may repose
In gracious state—a palace fair
Where all things costly, rich, and rare
Were given with most lavish hand.
Lo! the vast riches of the land
With joy spread out to his commands,
All gladly given to Satan's hands.

And Satan's shrine a holy place
Where knelt the rich ones of the race
In adoration, joy, and praise.
Revived again the old Greek days—
And naked women danced before
The Portals of a Golden door,
Where to a secret chamber went
Alone the Man God with intent

Of secret adoration—He
Beheld indeed the majesty
Of Satan's form; as high Priest stood
Poured at his feet a wondrous flood
Of Jewel splendor—and while men
Worshiped the Man God—he within
Worshiped Prince Satan—he alone
Could see the Presence on the throne—
So Satan in his secret place
Was worshiped by the Human Race.

The Palace where Satan revealed his face
Of unique design—and the human race
With never a finger had made a trace,
Nor had they conceived of such dwelling place.
But yet one may see that a close design
Was followed from pages of Book Divine,
And an aping of such the eyes may see
Of the City, that John proclaimed would be
A crystal suspended in upper air—
A Pyramid City of stones all rare.
This Palace arose like a beautiful thought—
As magical fingers in tracery wrought—
And the men who built it could never tell
How their fingers fashioned—there was a spell
Of another power over brain and hand,
As dreamers worked they at a strange command.
A cunning not theirs by their fingers wrought,
A workmanship never by human taught—
Controlled by a power they could not see
They fashioned and shaped all mysteriously.
Came to Builders and Gazers, the biting thought—
Prince Satan conceived, and his angels wrought!

Blazing in Jewels upon the door
The Emblems, worshiped in days of yore

That filled the world with a slimy sea—
A stench to High Heaven—of Debauchery!
Of a sudden the worship of these vile things
From paupers' hovel to palace of Kings,
The costlier rings and amulets made
In shape of such things—by women displayed
On fingers and breasts—no blushing of cheek
At home nor abroad, of such things to speak
With utmost of freedom, Prince Satan's Design
Kissed, honored and worshiped—and held as Divine.

* * * *

Lo, Europe swift allegiance gave—
Hail'd Him Their Lord on land and wave!
Her navies and her armies swore
Allegiance to Him evermore—
Ambassadors from foreign lands
With costliest gifts in willing hands
From every nation—at his feet
To pour their adulations sweet.
And Lo the World as in far yore
The Roman Earth beheld once more
In one vast Empire—Cæsar's throne
Had but one candidate alone—
Amid the wildest of applause
To shape divine and Earthly Laws—
The Nations mad with one desire
Rolled like an avalanche of fire
To place him on that throne and sing
Wild praises to Their God—Their King!

He—most defiantly wickedly trod
On every law of Jehovah God
Where ever 'twas "YEA"—He gave his *"No!"*
And to God's "No"—gave *"It shall be so!"*
His one darling wish was to efface

God's Word from the mind of human race—
By devilish act—by word of mouth—
Designs of hatred were carried out!
Yea, every stigma and act of shame
He strove to wed to the Christly name—
To erase the term—that none may see—
And stamp Himself on Humanity!
Lo, men were eager His will to do,
No matter the deed—unswervingly true—
Blood thirsty—cruel that Devilish throng—
Lo, Christ the butt of the mocker's song!
His praise all eager—willing to win—
Pillaging—slaughtering Christian men—
Hopeless women and tenderest child,
Knew of no mercy from bigots wild!
Lo, every tortuous instrument
That Genius of Hell could well invent,
Was wrought for wracking the human frame,
Thus to blot from earth Christ's hated name!
Filled many a home with bitter pain,
For the closest ties were rent in twain,
The husband was of the wife afraid,
The parents oft by the child betrayed.
And lo, because of the Christ confessed—
The babe that sucked life from mother's breast
Now fair maiden grown—was thrust aside—
The gaunt, wild beasts were well satisfied!
And he, the lover so fond of eld,
That now in strong circling arms held
His wedded wife, aye, his more than life—
Cast her to the guillotine sharp knife!
In young and in old there seemed to be
A new born soul of fell bigotry—
Who ever may dare this God despise
Most worthy of death in human eyes!

For this New God held humanity
With a power all wonderful to see,
In thought, and in act, their life to lay
Down at his feet, as if potter's clay.
Lo, the cross, the gibbet and the sword—
The red flames leaped up to greet his word—
And Nero's torches flared up once more
More brilliant than in the days of yore!
The wild beasts as drunk with hot life blood,
Now gorged, laid down where the victims stood,
For not a savage or cruel beast
But had too much of this Christian feast!
A sickening odor was in the air—
The blood of Christians was everywhere—
And not a hill, nor a mound to see
Without its cross where pale victim be!
Lo, Christian suffering was everywhere—
All Europe seemed as a wild beast's lair—
Strewn with human bodies torn by hate—
A world of all Christians desolate!

* * * * * *

Once more his face to the inland sea
With all of Imperial Deity,
A higher place in men's eyes to fill—
As God in Temple on Zion's hill!
He entered the Temple sword in hand—
He should in Holy of Holies stand—
Opposing Priests at the altar slain—
The veil of the Holy cut in twain—
Where only the High Priest entered in
Once a year, for confession of sin,
Bearing shed blood—in that empty space
Where Maker and Man stood face to face!
And right where the Mercy seat should be
Planted his throne of Iniquity.

(A blaze of jewels that wondrous throne),
Proclaiming Himself the God alone!
The white robed acolothist anthems sing—
The golden censors of spices swing—
Priests leading people prostrated fall—
They hail him their God, "THE LORD OF ALL!"

But here is not ours to chronicle
The wrongs that to Israel Race befell—
For all who worshiped him not became
As things of loathing, and wrath, and shame!
Surely alone it was Satan's brain
Conceived such exquisite sense of pain,
Wherewith its helpless prey to enthrall—
To just let it live, and that was all!
Like Chemist over a crucible
He watched how their terrors rose and fell,
A Caldron vast was that Jewish land
He seething the Race with demon's hand!

* * * * * *

What Rumor is this the East wind brings?
The gathering Hosts of Barbarian Kings!
Arousing of Nations with one aim—
Who brings such rumors is laughed to shame.
When one gnat comes of a summer day
Lo, 'tis imperiously brushed away,
But what if they darken all the air
The whir of their wings heard everywhere?
Men held it light as a thing of scorn,
Like mists that becloud the early morn,
That the glorious sun could so soon dispel—
None dreamed a thought but that all was well!
For who may heed of a rumor vague,
A childish fear of a far off plague,
For woe to the foe whose acts had won

The wrath of the God of Babylon!
Men made it a jest and went their way
Like hunters that search for things of prey,
Fair Truth and Righteousness ever slain
Buying, selling and getting of gain!
So the days rolled on—but ever came
More startling rumors—and ever the same—
Nations arousing with one sole thought—
The sacking and wrecking of Babylon sought!
Surely the rumors at last proved true,
Every Doubter in Babylon knew—
With prancing of steeds—one vast array—
The Barbarians for plunder were on their way!
Was there in Babylon thought of fear
As the swift horses brought foemen near?
'Twould be but to them a glorious sight—
Would whet satiated appetite!

The merchant Kings had a glorious time
They sold the Barbarians' bones for lime,
Bartered in future as what may be
The yield from the fields that their blood would see.
A thought for Trading—"*Say, who will take*
A chance if only for trading sake,
As how many days it would take their King
To give his wild beasts an offering?"
A thing for trading, unique and strange
Chances were sold on "the open change."
E'en women dabbled in this new thing—
How much a Barbarian's head would bring?
Their marches were sold as a horse's pace,
How long e'er they reached a given place,
Each day were the chances bought and sold—
Vast was the sum of the changing gold.

So days rolled on with a quicker pace,
Like horseman bent on a reckless race
Heedless and careless to where he bore—
Babylon ne'er was so gay before!
'Twould seem as sin took more deadly hue,
Man strove with fellow for something new
That would outrage every law of heaven,
Alone by the vilest passions driven.
The cords of Humanity cut loose,
The World seemed given to vile abuse,
As vile as the vilest hell may be—
The City stank with Depravity!
Scorning the curtains that hid them in
The streets were alive with naked sin,
In lascivious dance—a curse to see—
A maelstrom of shameless infamy!
'Twould seem as women were wed to sin,
Each strove with the other as who would win—
No sewer of Hell more vile to see—
Babylon one vast monstrosity!
Nor was it the vile or base alone
Who sinned whether sun or moonlight shone,
But they who were reckoned of high degree
Were the foremost beasts in this revelry.
Women did even with men outvie;
And the brain was racked as who should try
To conceive a newer, fresher crime,
To sink men down in a lower slime!
And he was hailed with a new delight
Who could bring more daring sin to sight—
A Victor crowned, till another came
And claimed as right that infamous Fame!

Of a sudden fell a noisome sore
On men and women, as ne'er before

Was seen on earth—'twas a horrid thing—
The City shrieked in its suffering!
And it spared not one, this noisome pest,
From sucking child on the mother's breast
To aged sinner—all bent and gray—
How bitter the wails on this awful day!
Who e'er the mark of His number bore
Was seen on the flesh this noisome sore,
Who e'er had bent the imploring knee
Proclaiming his Godhead's Majesty!
Then woe to the man who had it not—
A Sign of Life was that noisome spot—
What men slew not the fierce wild beasts tore
Till all were glad to display that sore!
And boasting Science to ease the pain
Saw all its remedies tried in vain,
Shamefaced they stood before all the land—
Dared not acknowledge 'twas God's own hand!
It made men—if that were possible—
More darker, deeper children of Hell—
E'en Hell may blush of their acts to see—
The air was heavy with Blasphemy!

What story this from the restless sea
Of waters becalmed—no waves to see—
No ebbing, flowing, no tide, nor flood?
But stagnant all as a dead man's blood.
What cry is this on Euphrates' tide
Rolling to sea in its lordly pride?
At very fountain of life 'tis slain—
As blood stands still in a dead man's vein!
The beautiful river stagnant lay—
A putrid thing in the blaze of day—
A horrible stench—a dank perfume—
As comes from decay in dead men's tomb!

And, Lo, where glad fountains leaped before
The basins ran o'er with slimy gore,
Pavements mosaic where beauty trod—
Where children played on the grassy sod;
And Drunkard who scorned such boon before
For draught of water the Gods implore,
The wine cup became a loathsome thing
Crushed 'neath his heel in his suffering;
A cry in the air of a great despair—
A Famine of Water everywhere!
Frenzied they search for some hidden spring—
'Tis found—but to mock their suffering;
The sky reflected in angry glare—
The red clotted Blood was everywhere!
Blood! Blood! where ever the eye was turned—
A sight that the fleeing foot ne'er spurned—
The very moisture in every street
Had turned to blood and bedabbled the feet!
The bloody footprints were everywhere,
In dens all foul, and in palace fair;
Dewdrop that before in morning light
Flashed on the leaves as if diamonds bright,
Now dripped and fell on the passer's head
The clammy drops of a sickening red!
And not one blossom on flowery bed
But blood heavy hung its beauteous head,
Bedabbled with blood—the rank perfume
As smell of dead in an open tomb!
Where ever water had stood before
Now in its place a clodding of gore;
Whatever the food with water made
Now streaks of globular blood betrayed.
Blood in the hovel and stately place,
Blood on the hands, red blood on the face,
On cotton gown, and on velvet dress,

On silken sheen of all loveliness;
On beggar's palm and on princely hand,
On courtesan vile and Lady grand,
On beauties' cheek where soft moisture came,
No matter where—'twas ever the same!
(They had thirsted before for Christian blood
Their victims yielded a generous flood;
Let them drink of blood and the food they eat
Be mingled with blood between their teeth!)

What cry is this? What! a new despair?
From million lips: *"Give us air! give us air!"*
From cellars damp—in the crowded street
Came sudden rush of a million feet—
The streets were full of blaspheming men—
Where the weak went down—tho' their own kin—
And women and children trod beneath
The rushing and surging of maddening feet;
They fought like wild beasts for open space—
They took no heed of a friendly face—
But with cursing lips and striking hand
They strove in some cooling spot to stand!
The streets were full as of wreathing mass
Of venomous serpents who strove to pass,
Biting and tearing with teeth and nails—
Cursing and shrieking—such oaths and wails!
All wealth forgotten in this fell strife—
Men forsook their all for a breath of life—
Bankers cared not if the gold heaps lay
Where thief could glut to his full of prey;
Houses forsaken where costly things
Were scattered—meet for the use of Kings—
For one fresh breath on the burning brow
Worth more than handfuls of jewels now!
"Fresh Air! Fresh Air!" and the heated street

Was as furnace floor beneath their feet,
And the earth was burned, and black, and bare,
As red hot ashes were scattered there.
They sought for caves and for cellars deep—
Some place where the parched form may creep—
So hot the air in the dampest place
Like blast of steam in the wretch's face!
No rest was found in the dwelling shade—
All seemed as a heated oven made—
Lo, Beauty from richest chamber sped
Where the scorching sun blazed down o'erhead;
Men strove with men for the highest place
To win some breeze that would fan the face;
Men fought like beasts for the highest wall
To vanquish—soon as the vanquished—fall!
Never cool breath to the burned cheeks came,
The wind as sharp as a sword of flame
Seering the flesh—till the pores did crack
And the face was crisped, and dry, and black.
Men fought their way to the river's flood
To cool their brows in the stagnant blood,
Bathed therein as if that would be
An ease from horrible agony!
And this to their pains but added more;
The slime soon dried over every pore
Making each pulse like an inward fire—
Filling the heart with blaspheming ire!

Babylon's plain once so green to see
Was bare as a desert sand may be—
Once a world of blossoms—and none may tread
But he steppeth to crush a fair flower's head—
Ah, the beautiful flowers were burned brown—
Lo, the crackling leaves from the trees dropped down

It is now high noon in Babylon—
The sun in meridian glory shone—
The sky in a brazen splendor laid—
No speck of cloud to bedim or shade—
O Horror of Horrors! what is this?
Has the Sun sank in a deep abyss?
Or was it a sudden shaft of night
Had slain to the heart the Lord of Light?
From millions of lips in Babylon
There rang out the cry: *"The Sun! The Sun!"*
And millions of hands stretched out in vain
Imploring for golden light again!
Each thought he only was stricken blind—
The only one accursed of his kind—
Staggered and grasped for support near by—
Rubbing in frenzy the stricken eye!
One moment high noon—a blaze of light—
The next—a dark and dismal night—
Aye, swifter than dropping lid may fall
A horrible darkness over all!
Ah, surely a panic was over all—
They crouched and groped for the nearest wall—
Shouting for *"Light!"* how the air was rent
By desperate frenzy and vain intent!
Let Science flash out the light she gave—
Oh, give us fair light in which to lave!
She once clad night in the robes of noon—
Had mocked the splendor of silvery moon.
Glad hopes sprang up in the heart to die—
For Science they once did deify
Now in the hour of their greatest need
Proved but a broken and worthless reed!
No lamp—no candle—no flash of light
Of any kind that may bless the sight—

A greater terror in every breast
When Science her baffled powers confess'd!
And men were frenzied they knew not where
They stood or crawled—why a wild beast's lair
A heaven to this—then one may dare
To meet a foe when he saw him there!
This horrible darkness—loathsome spell—
On splendid palace and hovel fell,
On beggar and prince, on bond and free,
Helpless all in captivity!
All ties of nature were rent in twain—
Aye, motherly love was even slain,
For the suckling child was dashed away
That mother may grope for light of day!
One minute the air with oaths was rife
As strong men struck at the walls in strife—
And then of a nameless horror dumb
Crouching and watching for what to come!
One minute crouching in deadly fear—
Then maddened by unknown danger near,
Leaped up to clutch at the empty space,
Strike at the air as at foeman's face!
An awful, horrible, stifling gloom,
Men searching all madly round the room.
With bitter cries—groping round and round
For door they pass'd—by terror unfound;
Helpless in terror and wild affright—
Their strength was wasted in useless fight—
Oft maddened—to end the pain of all,
Would batter their heads against the wall!
Lo, in this terrible, ghastly strife,
The air with curses and oaths was rife
In one vast volume—commingling rung
One terrible oath from human tongue!
Then sank to a silence dread again—
Gnawing their tongues for the very pain!

Lo, the Darkness went as Darkness came!
Babylon saw of her coming shame—
A thunderous tramp—and dust clad air—
At last the Barbarian Kings were here!
An appalling sight to meet the ken—
The East was black with the moving men—
From distant North to the hazy South
Alone the horizon shut them out!
A deadly, black and entombing cloud,
The thunders of hoof—the snortings proud—
The savage music that greets the ear
Is surely the blast of Death to hear!

Hearing the blast of their savage horn,
Children of Babylon, where thy scorn?
Not even Euphrates' lordly tide
The prey from Barbarian Hosts divide!
They come as locusts of summer come—
Thy stricken heart may be surely dumb—
Behind their passage is blank and bare—
Babylon's meat is their future fare!
They come to clutch at thy golden store,
(Thy dainty days are most surely o'er),
In savage daring and reckless pride
Water their horse in Euphrates' tide.

What cry is this from where great ships lay—
The river dwindling—shrinking away—
Lo, 'tis vanished from human eye—
In mud of river the great ships lie!
Gone is the river with all its pride—
The waves no more—nor the lordly tide—
That bore on its bosom from every sea
The stateliest ships that the eye may see!
The river has fled on hasty wings—

A passage free for the Eastern Kings—
The meeting wings of Barbarian horde
Search not in vain for an easy ford.
Lo, see how the dark lines nearer crawl—
Have met—now the city is in their thrall—
A fatal circle of laughing foes
Each moment nearing for deadly close!

Where now thy laughter, Babylon, fair?
Aye, thou art now in the jackal's lair—
A Jackal savage that snarling waits
With sharpened teeth at thine open gates!
Cutting supplies from thy dwindling store
Thou feelest pangs—such never before—
Famine of Water—Famine of Bread—
Dainty stomachs are going unfed—
Thy fairest daughters fighting for meat
That Jackals would spurn with swiftest feet—
Could foeman dream of a better day?
Death—Mourning and Famine, hold fell sway!
What was the taunt in the Christian's song—

"True is the Lord, and His hand is strong!
None shall save from His terrible ire—
She shall be utterly burn'd with fire!"

Where thy laughter, O Babylon, now?
To snatch the diadem from thy brow
They circle grim with a dire intent,
With hearts all harder than hearts of flint,
O where they laughter, Babylon, fair?
Pour thee hot ashes on brow and hair;
Have thy Mirth—Laughter and merry Dance
Flown at the sight of Barbarian lance?
Rend thee the purple from dainty limb—

Gird thy breasts with sackcloth coarse and grim—
Down in the dust, 'tis a fitting place—
'Tis fitting spot for thy whorish face!
Are they now a thing for passing jest,
O Babylon, with their teeth at thy breast?
Trampling thy skirts as their dazzled eyes
Gloat at the wonder of this Grand Prize.

Are they picturesque in savageness?
With rough tanned skins for their uncouth dress,
Girt with weapon of primitive fight
The arrow—the spear—the javlin bright;
Their horses shaggy—but light and fleet,
Like rush of the wind their unshod feet,
The veriest slaves to their master's will
And almost human in feats of skill.
How subtle the thought of old Greek brain,
Behold! 'tis his Centaur back again!
Surely as one are the man and steed
In reckless daring and savage deed.
The horses are snorting—they sniff the fight—
The Barbarians laughing in mad delight—
Lo, Babylon's plunder at last is near—
The arrows ready—and flashing the spear!

O Lady of Nations! where are now
The Beauty—Splendor—that decked thy bow
When nations eager to do thy will
Spoke Thou—and lo, all their tongues were still;
Looked you—and they were swift to do—
Out of the scabbard the bright sword flew—
Quick as a flash to defend and aid—
Earth at thy frownings was sore dismay'd!

The Nations have heard thy cry of pain,
Nor has it rang in their ears in vain,

The Nations ready as if one man
To aid and abet by every plan!
Nations are arming—they come—they come—
To blast of trumpet and roll of drum—
Europe is naught but an armed camp—
The world resounds to the martial tramp.
Squadrons are coming across the sea—
Tongue may not tell what their numbers be—
As swift as the wind and steam may bring
Their millions of armed offering!
Yea, Coming—but lo, such leagues away—
And foeman here in battle array!

The shouts of Helpers ring in thine ear—
But cruelest foes already here!
Aye they will come, but, alas too late—
When Palace and Hovel desolate—
When the wrecking hand with the burning brand
Has blackened the Glory of all the Land!
They will come when carcass is on the plain—
Will come when Beauty and Youth are slain—
When aged and young are a dainty feast
For the vulture bird and for savage beast!
They will come when the eyes can only greet
The mangled Bodies in every street—
Smoking wall yet echoing death's despair
And the cry of the dead still in the air!
Coming—but, ah, such a weary space—
With Foeman standing before the face,
When any moment the arrows' flight
May herald the deadly—awful fight.

O for a lull of the Tempest's breath!
O for a break in the line of Death!
Can we not bribe them—hold them at bay

Just for the space of a single day?
Send then the subtlest tongues to them—
Presents of diamonds and flashing gem—
Coined and uncoined—of value untold
Pour to their gazing glitter of gold—
Bribe them—hold them—whatever is given
Our best or dearest under heaven—
Our fairest women—our richest wine—
Costliest presents from God's own shrine!
Blind them with promises false and true—
Reckless thine oaths—be many or few—
Only hold them from battle array
Just for the space of a single day!

Lady of Nations, where now thy God
Who rules the Nations with iron rod?
Go to his altar with tearful eyes—
Let loftiest cloud of incense rise—
Deck thou his image as ne'er before—
Costliest floods of oblations pour
As never were yet to Godhead given,
To Greek, or Roman, or Christian Heaven!
Crowd thou his temple as ne'er before.
Prostrate to lie on the marble floor,
Turning thy pale, supplicating face,
Where golden Image his altars grace.
Lady of Babylon, cry aloud
There in thine abject terror all bowed;
Is thy God dreaming? will he forsake?
Cry out most bitterly—he will wake!
Aye, art thou sure he indeed is told?
Send Him thy messages manifold—
Tell Him of thy danger—fast and fleet
By wire—by steed—and by runner's feet!
Tell him thy danger in words of fire—

Rouse up his terrible, 'vengeful ire—
Make him to know, aye, to realize
The foemen are here before our eyes!
Why is he waiting beside the sea?
Why not come alone in Majesty?
Then foes shall blacken and shrivelled lie
Alone from fire in his flashing eye!
Who hath offended in anything,
Or failed to his shrine their prayers to bring?

Some Christian's breath must befoul the air—
Broken the current of fervent prayer!
Yea, but the Christian and Jew alone
Have scorned to bow to his Godhead's throne—
Come, let us search with a hate renewed—
Better for them they were wild beast's food!
The Cross, the Gibbet, the wild Beast's Den
Were surely a heaven for them to win!
The torches lighted by Nero's hate
Had laughed to escape this last fell fate!
Search for the Christians where'er they be
With cunning of Death's ferocity!
Hunt them with bloodhounds—magical art—
Torment them tho' they be blood of our heart!

O Lady of Babylon, get thee down
And cast in the mire thy golden crown—
In sackcloth clad—in thine ashes lie—
The world shall shudder to hear thy cry!
O Lady of Nations, thy costliest things—
That alone seem fit for the touch of Kings—
Are things of loathing—a curse to cling—
Barbarian hand on thy throat to bring!
O climb to the top of thy highest place—
O Scan the blank West some hope to trace—

Cry as thou never hast cried before
As weeper crieth—at dead men's door!
O climb to top of thy highest place
Canst thou see aught in that weary space?

No dust of marching in all the air?
No shadow of stirring anywhere?
O take to thine eye the sharpest glass—
Is naught moving in glittering mass?
At last—aye, what is that long thin line?
Our coherts are coming, O heart of mine!

"Yes, we can see it with naked eye—
A slender thread between earth and sky—
Nay, it is false! and thou art lying!
'Tis but a mass of vultures flying!

Alas, new Foes in the upper air—
Foes—Foes—there are foemen everywhere!
And what shall the coming vultures greet,
Ours or Barbarians the reeking meat?

"What is that coming? O Look again—
A shadow has darkened all the plain—
A moving shadow that does not fly—
Are not our coherts now coming anigh?"

"Moving shadows alas, aye, alas,
The plain is moving—a leaping mass—
Lions and Tigers—all beasts of prey—
Come to our table to sup today!"

See the Barbarians are speeding round
Ah, in the meshes we're surely bound—
Tighter and tighter the cords they make—
A human net that we cannot break!

Shipwrecked—as caught on a rock are we,
Around us a living, seething sea—
Soon waves all crested with flashing steel
Will 'round us in maddening eddies wheel!
Where are our warriors famed of old
That oft in our ears their prowess told
Where are they now in our time of need?
They have given us words—now show the deed.
Look at the Cowards shrinking away—
They make no effort to hold at bay
This terrible foe—they take to flight
As bats and owls that fear of the light!
Aye, see yon warriors, see the scars
Received in the rush of other wars—
Now as a child or woman may be—
Fainting of heart and shaking of knee!
Faint-hearted—and that they well may be
For where is the hope in such a sea
Of circling lances? a sharp steel ring
That every moment is narrowing!

Now, what this dread silence far and wide
With never a cry on any side?
A silence chill—see, that ring of horse
Motionless stands in its onward course.
This silence dread our moment of Fate—
List to that wild, lonely cry of Hate!
Hark! to the thunder that seems to smite
The very sun in its upward flight!
See they are rushing from every side—
The feathered arrows with blood are dyed—
The lances—the swords at last are wed
To Babylon's flesh—the stream runs red!
Our men, our women a flock of sheep—
The Hand of Shepherd not here to keep—

Children and women as well as men—
Our city is one vast slaughter pen!

O Look! where God's Temple springs on high—
Marvel of splendor—against the sky,
So light, yet massive in its design—
Surely it sprang from a brain divine!
See how our children are crowding there—
Making it ring with their loud despair—
Where God-like his golden Image stands
Worshipers blessing with outstretched hands!
What are they doing in their despair?
What maddened wretches are climbing there
Where God on the beauteous altar stands—
Maddened they are—a moment before
Worshiping prone on the marble floor—
Now they are wild as the furies be
Destroying where they had bent the knee!
Like hellish furies they Curse and shriek—
And women are there—ah, once so meek—
Outvieing the men—with unloosened hair,
Wild Furies or Witches everywhere!
See, how yon villain the hammer sways,
While at every stroke the mad crowd brays:

"Curse Him! The Author of all our Woes!"

It shivers—it totters—ah, down it goes!
Hark! with what thunder of joys they greet—
They trample in fury beneath their feet—
Spitting and daubing with most foul things—
A worship new for the King of Kings!
Aye, they are maddened with new found hate
And hellish fury to desecrate—
And cursed thrice be that cursed hand

Who waves in triumph that blazing brand!
See how the red torches flash and spread
How they circle around the dancer's head—
Now cursing and yelling, to and fro,
Maddened by Danger and Coming Woe!
The Temple afire! alas; alas!
How the wild flame spreads in rolling mass—
They're drenching with oil the grandest place
That ever smiled to the human face!
Hark! at the shouts of that maddened ring
As they give the flames such offering!
Ah, see there are some at such sad shame
Casting themselves in the licking flame!
Like serpents the fire flames leap and twine
From base to apex of holy shrine—
Soon to vanish a ghostly thing—
As our fading faith in dastard King!
What ghastly revels the eye to meet
With Death's carnival in every street—
The laughter of madness—shriek of Woe—
For cursed Barbarians no mercy show!

He cometh not! aye, he makes no sign—
What, is he not then a God divine?
Were He—would he leave us here to be
Victim of Jackal's ferocity?
Babylon—She who first Deified—
Light of his eye—the Gem of his pride—
The golden city of his desire—
Thus to be left to the foeman's ire!
Why does he linger beside the sea—
Fretting like one of humanity—
Telling of wonders his hand will do?
Poor, pitiful boast that will ne'er come true!
His words had lulled us of every fear—

We laughed in our peace till foes were here—
He said, to fear not of living thing—
The God of Earth was Babylon's King!
Chaldea's Land was a holy place
That a foeman's foot should ne'er disgrace—
The World combined not a foot should win—
They may behold—but not enter in!

Is he truly God? Look down and see
That shambles of dead humanity—
Who can that horror of horrors paint—
Slayers from slaying are waxing faint!
See the Barbarian is gorged with blood—
His horse knee deep in that clammy flood—
Sated with slaughter—his wanton ire
Gives to his hand but destructive fire!
See, how the fresh flames creep and leap—
See, now how the old flames rush and sweep
Where is our Nero with golden lyre
Pæan to sing o'er Babylon's pyre?
Sated with slaughter the foeman stands
The sword held loose in the blood stained hands—
Cursing the victims that crowd his way—
Utterly Weary to further slay!

Hark! Hark! what is that? some new born snare?
How close and dusty the lagging air—
The earth is rumbling beneath our feet—
The houses nodding in every street!

Horrors Triumphant! again the light
Is stricken to death in arms of Night—
Making all Nature utterly void—
Better by far we were all destroyed!
Hark! what babel of terrors below—

Terror alike of victims and foe
Stricken with terror and wild despair,
Rushing and dashing they know not where—
They see not where—for in this thick night
Most lurid flame is flicker of light,
As faint as will-o'-the-wisp may be—
Or firebug flashing of light to see—
The firm earth breaking beneath the feet
Great buildings crashing in every street—
All wrapped in a darkness horrible—
Surely the depths of a Christian Hell!

What if the Christians indeed are right?
Did they not prophesy this fell fight
Many and many a year ago?
Fulfill'd to letter is every woe!
When as wild beasts hunted and driven,
Did they not smile at each torture given,
Smiled at our torture howe'er replete
Fearless whatever the doom to meet?
Yea, in the throes of their deepest pain,

Cried: "Lo, THE LORD CHRIST SHALL COME AGAIN!"

Yea, in the dying they waxed more bold
As of the Coming of Christ they told!
Aye, and they prophesied there would be
Direst of wrath and calamity—
Horrible Thing on Horrible Thing—
Whoever worshiped our Dastard King.

See yon—the dark clouds are breaking away—
Ah, it is coming—the Beautiful Day—
Rapture of Raptures again the sweet light—
Mercy! Oh, Mercy! what wonderful sight!

Look at the Heavens! a Terrible Red
Bursts like a tidal wave over the head—
All of the Heavens a sea billowed plain—
See, drops are falling! a horrible rain!

Heaven's fire above us—Hell's fires below—
Where now can we turn—where now can we go?
Now the full Doom told by Christian is come!
To help or to aid us the world is dumb!
Man, angel or Devil—no help for us now
With fire at our feet, and fire on our brow,
Thus in unending ages be toss'd
Utterly! Utterly!! Utterly Lost!!!

* * * * * *

Lo! not alone in Babylon
Was mourning for the deed now done—
(As Babylon in ashes lay)
Fore'er the closing of the day
Ran the swift message of the skies:—

"Our Babylon in ashes lies!"

At first was sneering at the news,
"Only some speculative ruse—
We've heard strange news before," say they
And shuddering put the news away.
But when repeated o'er and o'er—
The same dread message evermore,
Men could no longer then refuse
To feel at heart this awful news.
Then rang one universal cry
That pierced the mocking heavens on high!
Lo! round the world the mourning ran
As if from universal man;
For Trader where in any Race

But Ruin stared him in the face?
They all held stock in Babylon—
Their Riches—now their all had gone!
Lo! never since the world was made
Such universal grief displayed—
No sentimental grief—but pain
As if a sword had cut in twain
Their living hearts—yes, Ruin lay
Itself across their path that day—
For all grew rich at her great mart,
Her ways had won the trader's heart,
They loved her for the riches made,
For the great life she gave to trade!
And not to trader's heart alone—
For scarce a race on earthly zone
But from the wants of Babylon
Had to the worker surely won
Fair bread and meat—Lo, this fell day
In smoke beheld all pass away!
And whence shall come the next day's meal?
Ah, surely never Human weal
Received such deadly blow as this
O'ershadowing every earthly bliss!
And men who dreamed of future trade
Gloating o'er margins to be made,
With trembling lips and blanched cheek—
With palsied tongue that could not speak—
Heard of the news—and lo, the brain
Cracked like a harpstring in the strain!

The Vast Exchanges of the world
Were unto utter Ruin hurl'd!
Wild, frantic men were rushing there
Commingling blasphemy with prayer!
Great fortunes vanished evermore—

Such cries—no mortals heard before—
And may ears hear not such again!
The feverish essence of all pain.
What rushing on the marble floor—
The reign of Bulls and Bears was o'er—
Such stricken, helpless, blasted brains
Blaspheming for their vanished gains!
The living—aye, far blessed more
The Suicide there in his gore,
He knew not, felt not of the pain
Of hissing devils in the brain!
A few as numbed—all silent lay—
The many like wild beasts of prey,
As soul forsaken, gnashing teeth,
Trampling the weak beneath their feet!
And trampled on—or kicked aside—
Was many a blood stained suicide,
Whose life's blood trickled on the floor
Where danced his feet an hour before!
Ah, many a frenzied man was there
All knew this morn a millionaire,
Ere evening's first soft shadows lay
Knew all his wealth had passed away!
What hearts—what brains were throbbing now
With worse than death drops on the brow—
Lo, Ruin plucked them from their place
In the vile gutter of disgrace!
None may escape from this fell blow—
The Beggar—Prince—the high, the low—
From Lady rich—to courtesan,
(Who in the night time hunted men)
But felt this blow—tomorrow's sun
Shone not for them as Babylon!
For if impoverished the hand
That reaped the riches of the land

Could wife, or bastard love enfold,
Themselves in garments worn of old.
That City gave to Fashion tone,
She, stately Queen of Fashion's throne,
Now quenched indeed the guiding light
That led to taste all exquisite!
The Courtesan may seek in vain
To find the fools to give her gain,
The want of bread kept fools away
Who showered upon her yesterday
The richest, costliest things which made
Her laugh to know she was no maid!
Lo, to the men of cunning brain
A fatal blow—for now in vain
This new design—for who would buy
Like Her whose smoke rolled now on high?
They toil'd before in glad delight
For well they knew when she caught sight
Of beauty new—her open purse
Paid well for it—but now a curse
Was beauty rare—a worthless thing
Of nothing worth the fashioning!
Vain to recount—for surely all
Seemed crushed to earth at this fell fall—
And ne'er such earnest grief was won.
For anything—as Babylon!

Whence of a sudden came the thought?
A change in human Soul was wrought
Unto each Soul like tongue of fire—
Filling all souls with one desire—
Souls all crushed a moment before
Without seeming life on marble floor,
Now leaped up with a new born life
Shouting—"*Hurrah for the coming strife!*"

Aye, 'twas a motley crowd indeed
Hunting for arms in their great need
An eager hurrying—rush of feet,
Helping desire the hands were fleet,
Grasping for arms the first they saw—
To grasp a neighbor's the common law,
And not an anvil in any land
But wildly rang to hammering hand!
Even women with men outvied
To dangle sword or knife by side,
Mingling with men in this one aim—
Jesting—cursing—without a shame!
Even bartering all their charms
To grasp in fingers warlike arms.

Ah, 'twas indeed a wild, weird band
Gathering strength from every land,
Wrinkled brows and whitened hair
Only the offering some brought there,
Tottering feet—in the palsied hand
Like aspen leaf was battling brand;
And ruddy boys who scarce could be
Out of the ring of infancy;
Maidens and girls of tender years
Fresh from the schoolroom's hopes and fears
Women all flushed with golden prime—
Matron and maid—from many a clime.
Aye, and the dying thrust away
The loving hands who longed to stay
To close the eyes that soon would be
Fixed in the chill of vacancy;
Aye, but the dying thrust aside—
Beckoned them off to the swelling tide—
Glad they could make such offering
Ere sinking spirit took its wing,

Bringing to death blanched cheek blood tinge—
Hissing with rattle of Death: "*Revenge!*"
Lo, 'sundering of every tie—
No longer dear to mother's eye
The new born child—but cast away
Careless if Death would grasp a prey,
So that the Mother's feet could stand
In dire revenge in Israel's land!
Europe as mad as a world could be
In a fiendish dance of Devilry!
To hear the fresh sweet voices say
Words that the vilest held at bay—
The lips scarce free from mother's breast
Full of a ribald song and jest—
Wild language—that may surely be
The Devil's Pearls of Blasphemy!
To hear those rosy lips repeat
The vilest language of the street,
Their every action showing well
The Teacher surely came from Hell!
Lo, women fair as well as men
Seemed friends incarnate in their sin,
All glorying in their awful shame
Till they were human but in name!
Lo, gathering still—like river vast
Struck by a Simoon's driving blast
Gathered fresh strength upon its way—
What mortal dare to say them nay!
Till burst at last—sin's crested sea
Blaspheming, fierce humanity—
Wild waters with a thunder roar—
A hurricane on Israel's shore!

And whose the hand that thus hath done
Dishonor foul to Babylon?

Was it not Jewish hireling hand
That nerved the sword, and lit the brand,
And thus Pre-eminence hath won
Jerusalem o'er Babylon!
Have not their Temple—God—and Life—
Been all the cause of earthly strife?
All cursed this thrice accursed Race!
Come let us blot them from Earth's face
So that no searching eye will find
A trace or vestige of their kind!
Are they not boasting that their King—
A Jewish Christian—yet shall bring
Deliverance—and they shall be
The Princes of Humanity!
The Christians and the Jews combine
To make the Crucified Divine—
Have we not Spirits to our aid?
Then should we be of Him afraid?
Spirits as countless as the sands
Are waving on with flaming hands,
They Prophesy of Victory Grand
O'er all our foes in Israel's land!
Come let us crush the Jewish Race!
Dare this Messiah to his face!
Dare him from his imperial height
To come and wage us in this fight!
There let Humanity hold tryst
And tho' the Foeman the dead Christ
With all the attributes Priests weave
Around Him—that they may deceive—
With all Heaven's armies at his back—
Our feet in vengeance shall not slack!
We shall but meet with swifter pace
And greet this Godhead face to face!
Would we could dare Him on Earth's sod
Then we should see—who is The God!

Onward that wild and angry sea—
Mouthing curses and Blasphemy!
Caring little their rushing feet
Soon would the Coming Foemen meet!
Armageddon the place of tryst—
The foe they hated—THE COMING CHRIST!

THE FATHERS.

Our higher Critics seem to be
A sort of chartered Company,
With the exclusive Right to rule
(He who denies this is a fool)
With an exclusive right to trade
(Of God or man they are not afraid)
In Books once Sacred and Divine
They shall alone the Truth define.

With splash of Hebrew and of Greek
But, ah, Colossean in cheek!
And where the Scholar so absurd
To doubt of theirs a single word,
Their "Verifying Faculty"
The Guide for Common man must be.

"The letter Killeth!" So they say,
"So we must cast the husks away;
In Bible rubbish we will find
Some croppings of the Spirit's mind."

We must have charity in sooth
Tho' they despise what we call Truth,
For they with us in common hold
What most men know is Bible gold,
As all men Brothers—why should we
Refuse to them fraternity?
Because they see not with our eyes,
And the Blood Sacrifice despise,
Perchance is no good reason why

We should say to such men good-bye
We cannot in your church abide?
Tho' they have said that Ezra lied,
And shaped a Moses all their own,
Aye, what tho' they have overthrown
Each miracle God's servants wrought,
And even by insidious thought
Hinted that Christ e'en did not do
The works the Gospel said were true.

They've thrown upon God's Word such slurs
'Twould seem they were a lot of curs
Who stole some meat, and with sharp teeth
Rent it asunder with mad heat,
Till what is left is hard to tell
When rent and torn by hate from hell.

Now let us of their ravenings note—
Examine faults o'er which they gloat:—

Hear *Palus* in mad blasphemy
Claim Zacharias did not see
An angel—but the incense smoke
Seemed one—a paralytic stroke
Held his tongue mute. Elizabeth
A vile procuress, made a net
For Youth to take the Virgin in—
(So Christ the offspring of such sin!)
No angels to the shepherds came,
Some dancing Youths with torches flame
A merry making in the night
Seemed angels in their drowsy sight.

Bauer says, that it is quite absurd
That any one at Jordan heard

JEHOVAH speaking to THE SON,
That such a thing was never done,
And no descending Dove smote air—
Some lambent flame, or lightning there.

As to Temptation—*Palus* said,
'Twas but a dream—when vision fled
Behold, a Caravan drew near
And gave the hungry Christ good cheer,
Sweet breezes fanned his cheek—so he
Dreamed of sweet Angel Company.

And *Hase* has a most pleasant way
Of telling, how at wedding day
The Christ with a rich pleasantry
A Present brought—when none did see.
In water Jars He hid the wine,
Which "Tipsy John" did not divine
And in his drunken spree did tell
That Jesus wrought a miracle.

Palus states, never lepers came
To Christ, that had within their frame
That deadly virus and were healed.

Venturini who first revealed—
The fact, that Christ a lotion gave
The Blind men—often sight did save
By putting finger in the eye
Removing scale and stigmati.

And *Gabler* was not loath to say,
The Dead did not The Christ obey
But in a swoon the little maid
Recovered by the teacher's aid;

Nain's Widow's Son but just the same—
Swoon torper only held his frame;
And Lazarus in lethargy,
Tho' seemingly as dead to see,
But when they rolled the stone away
And let the hot air have full sway
Awoke, and from his torper rose,
Around him still death winding clothes.

And *Palus* said, At Jacob's well
Some Passerby did Jesus tell
What kind of woman she who came
To draw of Water, thus her shame
Came to his knowledge.
Thus He knew
Nathaniel's character was true
From common heresay.
Christ's keen eye
The shoal of fishes did discry
So told them to let down the net—
Credulity and craft well met.

And *Schleiermacher* not afraid
To say, the Words The Lord Christ prayed
(To us the universal prayer
That Infant lips lisp everywhere)
Matthew's interpolation—and
Such prayer not given by Christ's command.

And *Schulz*, that Matthew did not write
His Gospel—not a page saw light
Until all the Apostles died.

And *Palus*, that Christ never said
To Nicodemus—(what we hold

As very pearls—the wide world's gold
Is dross indeed compared to them
Of all Truth—this the diadem—)
How God so loved the World and gave
His only Son that World to save
And whosoever would believe
The Heart of God glad to receive;
"*The Words are John's*," this Palus writes.

Olshausen fearlessly indites,
Christ cast no Devils out of men
And the Swine story but akin
To Balaam's ass, an accident
The Swine to swift destruction sent
As curious herdsmen went to meet
The Christ, ere trod the shore his feet.

And *Bolton* said, 'twas nothing more
Than on high ridge along the shore
Where Jesus walked, not on the sea
In its wild impetuosity.

Hase blandly writes, that Peter's mouth
Was opened wide that he may shout
He had a fish to sell—from whence
When sold obtained the tribute pence.

And *Weisse* tells, five thousand fed
By making those who had the bread
Give freely to such as had none—
Free giving, miracle alone.

DeWitte, Bertholdt and *Kuinol*, say,
Deception marked the Glorious Day
Christ was Transfigured! While the Three
Apostles slumbered heavily,

Two men connived in secret tryst
To hold communion with the Christ,
Their talk aroused the sleeping men
Who waking up, with drowsy ken,
Saw the men disappear in mist—
The spot where Christ stood being kist
By the first flash of dawning light
Seemed as a glory to their sight,
While the reflecting snow but made
The glistening White that Christ arrayed.

While *Schmidt* claims, Judas pure and good,
An honest man, misunderstood.

Bretschneider claims John unaware
Of the Last Supper, was not there.

And *Kaiser* says, a sudden thought
To Jesus came when on the cloth
The Jug of Wine, the Loaves of Bread,
Ne'er had it entered in his head
Till then, to make the bread and wine
Through all the ages as his sign.

Thies claims, that in Gethsemane
Christ took a chill, we must not see
Ought else in his blood agony.

Palus explains, Christ had a friend
In the Sanhedrim—so his end
He well may prophesy indeed
Before they dared to do the deed.
The servant's ear Christ did not heal
And when he touched it 'twas to feel
The extent of the Scar, and tell
What course of treatment would make well.

And Pilate never washed his hands
Nor called Christ just—and that the strands
Of temple veil not rent in twain,
Nor did the Jews their purpose gain;

For *Bahrdt* claims, Christ never died!
(So then the twelve Apostles lied)
On cross—by secret potion he
Sank senseless in his agony,
Seeming indeed to gazer's eye
On the uplifted cross to die—
As to the Earthquake, risen saints,
The such imagination paints.

And *Schuster* claims, it was the smell
Of unguents strong that broke the spell—
And fresh air of the cave, insooth
In Christ the vital power of youth
Gave him the strength again to rise,
And not an Angel from the skies.

And *Palus* claims for many years
Christ lived upon this vale of tears,
And that at last by fever pain
Kind death released his stricken brain.

And *Steudel* fearlessly, unawed,
Claims the ascension but a fraud—
Christ did his followers delude!
For as on rising height he stood,
He raised on tiptoe as to bless,
And still ascending none the less
He upward crept, while those below
Half blinded by their tears of woe

Would fain the parting one have Kist;
Then suddenly a rising mist
Enveloped him—with sinking knees
He hid behind the Olive trees
That grew upon the mountain height,
And so he vanished from their sight.
Two secret colleagues now crept near,
To the Disciples did appear.
And to assuage their poignant pain
Told them Christ would come back again.

Now, what is left of Christ's sweet time?
These Croaking Frogs have left their slim
On every Miracle and Thought
By which our Great Salvation Wrought.

And these The Fathers! this the crew
Whence later Hyper Critics drew
Their inspiration—virus vile
That they would hand us with a smile
For our acceptance, not so bold
In blasphemy as word of old,
But just as deadly to the soul
Who lifts to heart their deadly bowl;
Who will Satanic draught refuse
They sneer at, laugh at, and abuse.

What, call such Brothers? Nay, indeed,
Tho' it be called a bigot's deed,
For one I shall not bow the knee
In false, vile, bastard charity!
For he who wishes them Godspeed
Is a partaker in their deed—
For, Lo! these Lepers of the Race
Have spit upon The Lord Christ's face.

THE LARGER HOPE.

I am so sick of hearing Christian mind
Prating their shallow nonsense—God confin'd
In little circles—e'en CHRIST'S death no more
Than merit to waft souls to Heavenly shore—
A hazy, mazy—spiritual place
Where one can never see a human face
Of flesh and bone—but something like a haze
Now quivering will-o'-wisp before the gaze—
Now vanishing a vapor to the sight—
An essence in a whirl of delight
Twanging a harp before a golden throne,
Or what may seem to be such—aye, insooth
If these same Christians have indeed the truth,

They lisp as Matter something very base,
As if it were indeed a vile disgrace
To be of flesh—they shudder and would be
"Pure spirit free from flesh Impurity!"

When THE CREATOR CHRIST—as 'twere a mesh
Took to HIS GODHEAD the encircling flesh
Married the Flesh to GOD—and thus shall be
The GOD MAN through the vast eternity!

What CHRIST thus blest these little minds despise
Hold flesh contemptible before their eyes;
Such Flesh Despisers must then surely be
More wise than are THE BLESSED TRINITY!

(Grown so etheral they the flesh despise.
It is unholy in their dainty eyes

And only fit for the worms and the grave,
Christ died alone their little souls to save,
The bodies perish, crumble to decay,
Shall never know a Resurrection Day;
Christ was mistaken or misunderstood.
Tho' these same ones indeed love dainty food
Pamper the body with rich meat and wine,
As if indeed it were alone divine,
And give their spirit but a scanty fare
Of Bible reading, or of earnest prayer,
The Grossest Liver makes the loudest wail;

"Oh, but to shed it—cast it off and be
A spirit all etheral and free!")

But where such heaven—'twere surely hard to find
And only lurks in the Satanic mind;
The Word speaks not of Heaven in such sense—
A magic mirror, hung in grand suspense,
Where all are shadows moving to and fro
Like flashing puppets of a monkey show.
Out on such Heaven—God's Heaven is very real
Hath a location—we shall see and feel,
Aye more substantial than all earthly things,
For when He comes, the Glorious King of Kings,
His glorious voice shall call us to the skies
Lo, then each Glorious Body shall arise
From out the Grave—Body and Soul shall be
United—Blest—and live Eternally.

But these same Dreamers, a choice Company,
They are the Church—and they alone shall be
The very nearest, closest to The Throne,
A little company—and they alone
Blessed above all others—just a few—

Of all the many millions that once drew
The breath of Life upon this groaning Earth,
(Some sorrowfully sad e'en from their birth)
And *their* God satisfied at such a thing!

What Satisfied! CHRIST THE ETERNAL KING,
Creator of all things seen and unseen,
Who rolls HIS million worlds in golden sheen
Of light and splendor flashing from HIS face,
Who yet with Artist's consummative grace
Wishes—a fly, a bird, a wayside flower—
A swinging world—with the same mystic power.
Who condescends to shape each grain of sand
With all an artist cunning of deft hand
Till each grain is perfection in each shape;
Who wishes—and a Continent and Cape
Runs to the outline HE would have them be,
And flings the heaving rushings of the Sea
O'er heights and hollows, covering evermore
Sea caverns where wild waters rush and roar,
Or keep a silence like Eternal night—
Depths where ne'er quivered any flash of light;
The Sea, all populous with moving things
From pennywinkle—to the shark that springs
Like as a flash upon its helpless prey;
Where spouts the whales like children in glad play;
And Earth with beast—and bird, and midget flies—
Unseen unless glass aided human eyes—
Life! Life! Oh such a prodigal display
Of Life on any hour of summer day,
That one o'erwhelmed how conceiving mind
Could vary every atom—each kind
A delicate formation—such as none
Could shape—but HE who sits upon Life's throne.

And such an One they bind in narrow space!
And such an One—dare circumscribe His Grace!
And say: So many Years and then the Human Race
Shall have its ending—General Judgment Day
Shall down on all—and God shall wipe away
The Human Race as one would summer flies;
Then the old world shall rock along the skies
A blazing world—That God once said was "Good,"
Surely as Victor then Prince Satan stood,
Had he not marred Jehovah's Glorious plan
And brought to his allegiances Sinful Man,
So God was baffled every way He turned--
Most of the Human Race had mercy spurned.

So, as if tired, and weary of the thing,
Jehovah Christ, the Great Eternal King,
Took off His few—and in revengeful ire
Kicked the cursed World a blazing mass of fire
Through His Grand Universe, to show to all
The Devil was triumphant at man's fall
And so continued to the very day
The World to gas and vapor passed away—
Thus in the smoke and whirl of winding sheet
Proclaiming His Disaster and Defeat!

Lo, in our hearts the Grand and Ancient Hope,
We know that Christ's Death had a loftier scope,
That Earth, with man, shall feel Redemption won
As on the Cross hung the Eternal Son!
And there indeed was an atonement made
For things we dream not—not to be displayed
Until Eternal Ages shall have spread
Their grand magnificence upon our head.
We now as children, but the letters learn,
But in the coming ages shall discern—

Purblind as now—then we shall surely see
The Grand Significance of Calvary!

We deem there is no ending to The Race
Till every star that glimmers now in space
Shall populous—be crowded with glad men
Without a fleck, or stain of any sin.

Where Satan conquered, he shall know defeat—
Full soon THE CHRIST shall crush him 'neath His feet!
Shall speak a word—Lo! purified the Earth!
A house of plenty, of glad peace—gay mirth!
And then as earnest—to the entire Race
As pledge—what HE can do with wondrous grace,
HE shall make Israel's Nation free from Sin,
Eradicate all evil from within,
All pure and spotless—every eye shall see
What GOD shall do for all Humanity.
Then all GOD's Universe shall surely see
The Consummation of the Grand Decree
Now a dead letter on JEHOVAH's throne,
But then shall man the Glorious Blessing own.—
"Be Fruitful—Multiply—Replenish Earth,"
(With Beings holy from the hour of Birth)
"The Earth subdue and the Dominion bare
O'er fishes in the sea—o'er fowl in air
O'er everything that moveth on the Land
Lo, all are Thine to own and to Command."

CONFESSIONAL.

To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
Can this poor sinner go,
All burdened with my sin, my shame,
My sorrow, and my woe?
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
With all my secret sin,
Ah, none but THEE would open arms
To take this sinner in.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
No mortal ever born
Who had beheld my leperousy
But would have shrunk in scorn.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
Can I my sins confess,
For surely Mortal love would shrink
From my soul's hideousness.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
I need not tell THEE all,
For lo, THOU seest every stain
As at THY feet I fall.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
To whisper in THINE ear
The sense of sin, of wickedness
No earthly one may hear.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
All other help would fail,
For I am but a paltry soul
When Satan's imps assail.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
THOU knowest well this heart,

THOU knowest my besetting sin
  Which holds with luring art.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
  For men would scorn the weak,
The mean, the worthless thing I am,
  Should I my failing speak.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
  For while men deem I'm clean
O CHRIST, THOU knowest that I am
  As foul as can be seen.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
  Ah me, it is most sweet
To know I can in secret go
  And fall down at THY feet;
Nor speak one word, nor make one moan,
  Nor lips break into prayer,
But with bowed head to surely know
  That THOU, O CHRIST, stands near.
I have no need to tell THEE ought
  'Tis all before THINE eye
THOU knowest—Knowest, O SWEET CHRIST,
  How mean a thing am I.
Standing alone—there face to face
  Silence more eloquent,
Than if in twice ten thousand years
  My cries THINE ear had rent.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
  In all THY Loveliness,
Behold the tears upon THY feet
  My rapturous soul now kiss.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
  For me THY Life was shed,
And, Lo, THY Life of Righteousness,
  Was poured upon my head.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,

THOU art my Substitute—
Mine every sin was laid on THEE—
Now all accusers mute.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
The mediator THOU,
THOU hast put my hand into HIS,
HIS Kiss is on my brow.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
My GOD, my LORD, my KING,
Be THOU supreme in every thought—
Let me THY praises Sing.

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